

# THE CRITIC

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## NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### HISTORY.

*Letters of the Kings of England.* Edited, with an Historical Introduction and Notes, by J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. F.R.S. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Colburn.

It was a happy thought thus to bring together the letters of personages whom we have been accustomed to contemplate only in their armour or robes of state, acting a part in which the man was masked by the monarch, and therefore appearing to spectators in a false aspect. In no way could we have been so well introduced to the individual man, as he existed apart from his kingly character, than by unfolding to us his private correspondence. Here the heart speaks; nature reveals herself; we are made acquainted with the emotions that restore royalty to an equality with its subjects and excite in us the sympathies which we deny to the crowned head and the ermined bosom.

Apart, therefore, from their historical value, which is very great, Mr. HALLIWELL's collection has a present interest for the reader, always presuming that the editor has exercised due care and diligence in the performance of his task; that he has ascertained the genuineness of the curious documents he has gathered from sources so widely scattered; and that he has faithfully presented them as he found them, without addition or expurgation. He candidly informs us, indeed, that he has introduced one change, needful to make the work intelligible to the general reader; he has modernized the spelling. This is, of course, not only excusable, but commendable, and adds considerably to the utility and value of a book intended for popular reading, as well as for reference by the student of history.

The letters are arranged in order of time, commencing at the close of the twelfth and extending to about the middle of the seventeenth centuries. RICHARD I. begins, and CHARLES I. closes the collection. Of RICHARD I. three letters are presented. As being the earliest specimen of a regal epistle, we take one written while he was a prisoner in Germany.

*Richard I. to the Emperor of Germany, Henry V. when he was the Emperor's prisoner. A.D. 1196.*

I have been born in such a station as to give an account of my actions to none but God; but these are of such a nature, that I fear not even the judgment of men, and especially, sire, of a prince so just as yourself. My connexion with the King of Sicily ought not to have grieved you; I have been able to keep on good terms with a man of whose aid I stood in need, without justly offending a prince whose friend and ally I was. As for the King of France, I know of nothing that ought to have brought on me his ill-humour, except my having been more successful than he. Whether by opportunity or fortune, I have done those feats which he would have been glad to achieve: this is the sum of my crimes towards him. With regard to the King of Cyprus, every one knows I have done no more than avenge the injuries that I had first received; and in avenging myself on him, I have freed his subjects from the yoke by which he oppressed them. I have disposed of my conquest. Was it not my right? And if there was any one who ought to have found fault with it, it was the Emperor of Constantinople, by whom neither you nor I have been very kindly treated. The Duke of Austria has too well revenged the injury of which he complains to reckon it still among the number of my crimes. He was the first to fail in causing his standard to be hoisted in a place where we commanded, the King of France and myself in person. I punished him for it too severely; he has had his revenge twofold; he ought not to have any thing upon his mind on this score, but the consciousness of a vengeance that Christianity permits not. The assassination of the Marquis Montserrat is as foreign to my character as my presumed correspondence with Saladin is improbable. I have not evinced, hitherto, such a dread of my enemies as men should believe me capable of attacking their lives otherwise than sword in hand; and I have done mischief enough to Saladin to compel men to think that I at least have not been his friend. My actions speak for me, and justify my cause more than words: Acre taken, two battles won, parties defeated, convoys carried off, with such abundance of rich spoils (with which the world is witness I have not enriched myself), indicate sufficiently, without my saying so, that I have never spared Saladin. I have received from him small presents, as fruits and similar things, which this Saracen, no less commendable for his politeness and generosity than for his valour and conduct, hath sent to me from time to time. The King of France received some as well as myself; and these are the civilities which brave men during war perform one towards another without ill consequences. It is said that I have not taken Jerusalem. I should have taken it, if time for it had been given me; this is the fault of my enemies, not mine; and I believe no just man could blame me for having deferred an enterprise (which can always be undertaken), in order to afford to my people a succour which they could not longer wait for. There, sire, these are my crimes! Just and generous as you are, you, without doubt, acknowledge my innocence; and, if I am not mistaken, I perceive you are affected at my misfortune.

The original of this letter is preserved in the Tower. It is written in Norman French.

Of EDWARD the FIRST we are presented with some five or six letters. One of them will shew his peremptory style. It was written at Stepney, in April 1202, in Latin :—

The King to his beloved good people of the Isle of Oleron, greeting : Whereas, we have much wine in the said Island, which cannot be elsewhere sold to advantage at the present, we beg you in order that the same wines may be sold more quickly, and at better price, that you would suspend the business of all the other taverns, for one whole month, to be reckoned from the time of the suspension. By this, however, we will not that any harm or prejudice be caused to you in the future.

The letters of EDWARD the SECOND serve further to illustrate the character already given of him in our histories. Here is one addressed to the King of France, in reply to an epistle received from the latter, declining to send back ISABELLA without some security that she would be secured against the machinations of the SPENCERS :—

*Edward II. to Charles le Bel, King of France.*

Very dear and beloved brother,—We have received and well considered your letters delivered to us by the Honourable Father in God, the Bishop of Winchester, who has also discoursed with us, by word of mouth, on the contents of the said letters. It seems that you have been told, dearest brother, by persons whom you consider worthy of credit, that our companion, the Queen of England, dare not return to us, being in peril of her life, as she apprehends, from Hugh le Despenser. Certes, dearest brother, it cannot be that she can have fear of him, or any other man in our realm ; since, *par Dieu* ! if either Hugh or any other living being in our dominions would wish to do her ill, and it came to our knowledge, we would chastise him in a manner that should be an example to all others ; and this is, and always will be, our entire will, as long as, by God's mercy, we have the power. And, dearest brother, know certainly, that we have never perceived that he has, either secretly or openly, by word, look, or action, demeaned himself otherwise than he ought in all points to do to so very dear a lady. And when we remember the amiable looks and words between them that we have seen, and the great friendship she professed for him before she crossed the sea, and the loving letters which she has lately sent him, which he has shown to us, we have no power to believe that our consort can, of herself, credit such things of him : we cannot in any way believe it of him, who, after our own person, is the man of all our realm who would most wish to do her honour, and has always shown good sincerity to you. We pray you, dearest brother, not to give credence to any one who would make you otherwise suppose, but to put your faith in those who have always borne true witness to you in other things, and who have the best reason to know the truth of this matter. Wherefore, we beseech you, dearest brother, both for your honour and ours, but more especially for that of our said consort, that you would compel her to return to us with all speed ; for, certes, we have been ill at ease for the want of her company, in which we have much delight ; and if our surety and safe-conduct is not enough, then let her come to us on the pledge of your good faith for us. We also entreat you, dearly beloved brother, that you would be pleased to deliver up to us Edward, our beloved eldest son, your nephew ; and that of your love and affection to him you would render to him the lands of the duchy, that he be not disinherited, which we cannot suppose you wish. Dearly beloved brother, we pray you to suffer him to come to us with all speed ; for we have often sent for him, and we greatly wish to see him, and to speak with him, and every day we long for his return. And, dearest brother, at this time the Honourable Father in God, Walter, Bishop of Exeter, has returned to us, having certified to us that his person was in peril from some of our banished enemies ; and we, having great need of his counsel, enjoined him, on his faith and allegiance, to return forthwith, leaving all other matters in the best way he could. We pray you, therefore, to excuse the sudden departure of the said bishop, for the cause before said. Given at Westminster, the first day of December, 1325.

There are about half a dozen letters of EDWARD the THIRD. He was a great borrower of money, and kings are not pleasant debtors. The following is a royal receipt for a loan. Was it ever repaid ?

Edward, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitania, to all to whom the present letters shall come, greeting. Know that we have received by the hands of our beloved clerk, Edmund de la Beche, keeper of the wardrobe, from our dearly beloved brother in Christ, Richard de Maudry, abbot of the monastery of Reading, from the jewelry of the said abbot, one chalice, with a paten of pure gold, four pounds in weight, and worth 54*l.* 9*s.* ; and one casket of pure gold, for carrying reliques, in the form of a little shrine, garnished with sapphires, oriental pearls, sardonyxes, rubies, balasies, and various other stones, twenty pounds in weight, and two hundred pounds in value, which the said abbot has lent us for the furtherance of our affairs, and which we promise faithfully to return, or to pay the value thereof to the said abbot. Witness my hand at St. Edmund's, the fifth day of June, in the twelfth year of our reign.

RICHARD the SECOND supplies two letters memorable for their mention of CHAUCER.

Richard, by the grace of God, &c. greeting. Know ye that we, of our especial favour, and in return for the good service which our beloved esquire, Geoffrey Chaucer, hath bestowed, and will bestow on us in time to come, have granted to the same Geoffrey twenty pounds, to be received each year at our Exchequer, at the terms of Easter and St. Michael, by equal portions, for his whole life. In witness whereof, we have caused to be made these our letters patent. Ourself witness at Westminster, 28th of February, in the seventeenth year of our reign.

And this :—

Richard, by the grace of God, &c. greeting. Know ye that, of our especial grace, we have granted to our beloved esquire, Geoffrey Chaucer, one cask of wine, to be received every year during his life, in the port of our city of London, by the hands of our chief butler for the time being. In witness whereof, &c. Witness ourself at Westminster, on the 13th day of October, in the twenty-second year of our reign.

Some letters from the Fifth HARRY, while Prince of Wales, do not bear out SHAKSPEARE's ideal of his character. Here is one dated from Shrewsbury, 15th of May, 1405 :—

Very dear and entirely beloved, we greet you much from our whole heart, thanking you very sincerely for the kind attention you have given to our wants during our absence ; and we pray you very earnestly the continuance of your good and friendly services, as our trust is in you. As to news from these parts, if you wish to hear of what has taken place, we were lately informed that Owen Glendower had assembled his forces, and those of other rebels, his adherents, in great numbers, purposing to commit inroads ; and, in case of resistance to any of his plans, on the part of the English, to come to battle with them : and so he boasted to his own people. Wherefore, we took our men, and went to a place of the said Owen, well built, which was his chief mansion, called Saghern, where we thought we should have found him, if he wished to fight, as he said. And, on our arrival there, we found no person ; so we caused the whole place to be set on fire, and many other houses around it, belonging to his tenants. And then we went straight to his other place of Glyndoury, to seek for him there. There we burnt a fine lodge in his park, and the whole country around ; and we remained there all that night. And certain of our people sallied forth, and took a gentleman of high degree of that country, who was one of the said Owen's chieftains. This person offered five hundred pounds for his ransom, to save his life, and to pay that sum within two weeks. Nevertheless, that was not accepted, and he was put to death ; and several of his companions, who were taken the same day, met with the same fate. We then proceeded to the commore of Edernyon, in Merionethshire, and there laid waste a fine and populous country.

And afterwards, when king, he was a cruel and furious persecutor of the Lollards. The following letter will destroy much of the romance with which the name of the Fifth HARRY is invested. It is curious, too, as shewing the progress which, even at that early period, the principles of the Reformation had made among the people:—

*The King Henry V. to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London, 1413.*

The King, &c. greeting. Inasmuch as we have been given to understand, that certain priests, not privileged by law for this purpose, nor licensed by the diocesan of the place, nor permitted by the church, who are said to be of this new sect of the Lollards, have been preaching in public places within the aforesaid city, and in the suburbs and vicinity thereof, in order to excite and win over some who are ill-disposed to the Catholic faith and the doctrine of holy mother church; and by their own rashness, and contrary to the laws and ordinances of the church, they have preached, nay, rather have profaned the Word of God; or, at least, under pretext of preaching, they have in such places been emboldened to propagate discord among our people, and the pestiferous seeds of Lollardism and evil doctrine, after the manner of preachers; and as some of our people of our said city and its vicinity, under pretence of hearing such preaching, have assembled to those places, and have congregated together in large multitudes; and, in consequence, murmurs and seditious have in part arisen, and will probably arise, to the disturbance and no small marring of our peace, unless a remedy be more quickly applied to abolish such meetings and pull down such conventicles. We, desiring especially to provide for the defence of the Catholic faith, the laws and ordinances of the church, and for preserving our peace, command you, that you cause proclamation publicly to be made within our city aforesaid, and its suburbs, in every place where you shall find it expedient. That no chaplains, of whatever degree, state, or condition they may be, shall henceforward hold, cherish, affirm, preach, or defend such opinions, heresy, or error, contrary to the decision of holy mother church; and that none other our lieges and subjects in this matter adhere to or abet them, or lend them counsel or assistance, under penalty of imprisonment of their bodies, and the forfeiture of all their goods and chattels, to our will and disposal. We further command and positively enjoin you, that if henceforth you shall be able to find within your bailiwick any such chaplains preaching and affirming, publicly or secretly, contrary to the aforesaid rescript, or any other our lieges and subjects making conventicles and meetings, or receiving the same chaplains, or being under probable or great suspicion concerning the premises, or in any way counselling, favouring, or helping such chaplains in this matter, then arrest ye them without delay, and commit them to prison, there to remain until they shall obey the commands of the diocesan in whose diocese they may have preached, and it shall have been certified unto you accordingly by the same diocesan. And that also in the places aforesaid ye cause it to be proclaimed in our behalf, that no such chaplain presume hereafter to preach, contrary to the constitutions of the province published, without license, sought and obtained as a qualified literate; and that none of our lieges henceforward hear the same chaplains so preaching, or be present at such preachings on any pretence alleged, under the punishment and forfeiture aforesaid; and that all and every our lieges and subjects of our city and suburbs aforesaid comply with, obey, and attend to you and any of you, in the carrying out of the premises, under penalty of imprisonment. Witness the King, at Westminster, the 21st day of August, 1413.

EDWARD the Fourth has left some interesting letters. Among them are two containing full instructions for the education and training of his son, afterwards EDWARD the Fifth, addressed to the young prince's tutors, EARL RIVERS and the Bishop of ROCHESTER. Moreover, they throw much light upon the manners and characteristics of the time, and therefore we take largely from them:—

First. We will that our said first-begotten son shall arise every morning at a convenient hour, according to his age; and, till he be ready, no man be suffered to come into his chamber, except the right trusty the Earl Rivers, his chaplains and chamberlain, or such others as shall be thought by

the said Earl Rivers convenient for the same season; which chaplains shall say matins in his presence; and, when he is ready, and the matins said, forthwith to go to his chapel or closet, to have his mass there, and in no wise in his chamber without a cause reasonable; and no man to interrupt him during his mass-time. Item. We will that our said son have every holy day, all the divine service in his chapel or closet, and that he offer himself afore the altar, according to the custom. Item. We will that, upon principal feast and usual days of predications, sermons be said before our said son, and that all his servants be thereat, that may be conveniently spared from their offices. Item. We will that our said son have his breakfast immediately after his mass; and between that and his meat, to be occupied in such virtuous learning as his age shall suffer to receive. And that he be at his dinner at a convenient hour, and thereat to be honourably served, and his dishes to be borne by worshipful folks and squires, having on our livery; and that all other officers and servants give their due attendance, according to their offices. Item. That no man sit at his board, but such as shall be thought fit by the discretion of the Earl Rivers; and that then be read before him such noble stories as behoveth to a prince to understand and know; and that the communication at all times in his presence be of virtue, honour, cunning, wisdom, and of deeds of worship, and of nothing that should move or stir him to vice. Item. We will that after his meat, in eschewing of idleness, he be occupied about his learning; and after, in his presence, be shewed all such convenient disports and exercises, as behoveth his estate to have experienced in. Item. We will that our son go to his even-song at a convenient hour; and that soon after done, to be at his supper, and thereat to be served according as before. Item. We will that after his supper he have all such honest disports as may be conveniently devised for his recreation. Item. We will that our said son be in his chamber, and for all night livery to be set, the travers drawn anon upon eight of the clock, and all persons from thence then to be avoided, except such as shall be deputed and appointed to give their attendance upon him all night; and that they enforce themselves to make him merry and joyous towards his bed. Item. We will that it be seen by his council and officers, that sure and good watch be nightly had about his person, and duly kept for safeguard of the same. \* \* \* Item. We will, that every day be said mass in the hall for the officers of the household, to begin at six of the clock in the morning; and at seven matins to begin in the chapel; and at nine a mass, by note, with children. Item. We will that our said son have three chaplains, the one of them to be his almoner; and that he will truly, discreetly, and diligently give and distribute our said son's alms to poor people; and that the said almoner be confessor to the household, and the other two chaplains to say divine service before our said son. Item. We will that no person, man nor woman, being within our said son's household, be customable swearer, brawler, back-biter, common hazarder, adulterer, and use words of ribw-dery, and especially in the presence of our said son. Item. We will that the sons of noble lords and gentlemen being in the household with our said son, arise at a convenient hour, and hear their mass, and be virtuously brought up, and taught in grammar, music, or other training exercises of humanity, according to their births, and after their ages, and in no wise to be suffered in idleness, or in unvirtuous occupation. Item. We will that daily, except fasting days, the household of our said son be at the first dinner by ten of the clock, and at supper by four; and every fasting-day to go to dinner by twelve. Item. We will that the hall be orderly served, and strangers served and cherished according to their behaviours. Item. We will that no person, of what condition soever he be, have any service of the court at meal-times to their chambers, or out of the gates; but that they keep our son's chamber, or his hall. Item. We will that none of our said son's council, treasurer or comptroller, or other officer accountant, nor none of our son's household, lodge without his court, without a reasonable cause shewed, and that the ushers make their lodgings as near together as they conveniently may. Item. We will that our said son's porters give good and diligent attendance to the keeping of the gates, so that [it] be not at any time destitute of one of them; and they, from the 1st of Michaelmas until the 1st of May, be shut at nine of



the clock in the evening, and opened in the morning between six and seven; and from the 1st day of May until Michaelmas, the said gates be shut at ten of the clock at night, and to be opened between five and six of the morning; and that the said porters shall not open the said gates after nor afore any of the said hours limited, without a cause reasonable, and license of some of his council; and that they suffer no man to enter the said gates with weapons, but they be left at the same; and no dishonest or unknown person to come in, without his cause be well understood and known; and that they suffer no stuff to be embezzled out of the gates. Item. We will that no person of our said son's household, of what state or condition soever he be, maintain any false quarrel, or do any extortion to any of our liege people, nor that any of his purveyors take of others stuff, without true contentation for the same. Item. We will that, if any person strike another within the house, that he be punished according to the statutes of our household; and if he draw any weapon in our said son's household in violence, the first time to sit in the stocks, and there sit as long as shall be thought becomely by our said son's council; and at the second time to lose his service. Item. We will that the treasurer or comptrollers take, every Saturday, particularly the account of every office, of their expences and charges of the household for the week; and that at the accounts' end they do make a whole account and declaration thereof to our said son's council. Item. We will that the clerk of the cheque duly execute his office; and he rightly unto the comptroller and treasurer deliver the names of all them that be absent. Item. We will that our said son's council shall deliver written to the chief and principal in every office, as well such ordinances and statutes as we have established concerning their offices, as others such as we shall hereafter devise for the worship and profit of our said son, and his household: to that intent that they shall not now excuse themselves with ignorance; and that they indent with the said council for all such stuff as shall be delivered unto them for their offices. Item. We will that our said son's council ordain and see, that there be continually in our said son's household a physician and surgeon sufficient and cunning. Item. We will that the principal officers in every office see that their office be well exercised, and kept to our said son's honour, and no bribery nor unfitting rule be used in the same. Item. We will that every man, being of the household of our said son, give his time and due attendance, and obediently exercise their office, and at all times be furnished with horse and harness, according to their degrees, and not to be absent without sufficient licence; and such as shall have servants, that these be personable and able to stand in a man's stead, and no children. Item. We will that the general receiver of the duchy of Cornwall, the chamberlain of Chester and Flint, the chamberlain of North Wales, and the chamberlain of South Wales, at days and times due and accustomed, bring in all such sums of money as then shall be due unto our said son, and to deliver unto his council attending upon him, and the said money to be kept in a chest, under three keys: our dearest wife, the queen, to have one; the Bishop of Rochester and Earl Rivers to have the over two; and always the receipt of the said money to be entered in a book; and in likewise the payment of all such charges as, of necessity, must needs be borne for our said son; and that our said son's signet be put into the said coffer, and not to be occupied, but by the advice of his council. Item. For the weal, surety, and profit of our said son, we will, and by these presents give authority and power to the right reverend father in God, John Bishop of Rochester, and to our right trusty and well-beloved Anthony Earl Rivers, to remove at all times the same our son, as the case shall require, unto such places as shall be thought by their discretion necessary for the same season; and ever, that for the sure accomplishment of these statutes and ordinances, they have the like authority to put them, and every of them, in execution accordingly, to the effect and intent of the articles and the premises above expressed and rehearsed, and to punish the breakers of the same.—In witness of our whole pleasure in this behalf, we have signed these presents with our own hand.

EDWARD R.

We shall return to these curious and valuable volumes when leisure permits.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent.* By WILLIAM ROSCOE. Eighth edition, revised by his son, THOMAS ROSCOE. London: Bohn.

THIS is another of Mr. BOHN'S singularly cheap library of standard works. The history itself is too well known to need description; we have to notice only that this edition of it has been revised by the son of the distinguished writer, and that it comprises the entire work according to the latest edition, with the addition of numerous valuable illustrations, formerly published as an Appendix. The entire work is now contained in a single volume, beautifully printed, and at a price which is a marvel even in this age of cheapness.

*The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland.* By D. T. M'CARTHY. Vol. I. Dublin: Duffy.

A CONTRIBUTION TO Duffy's *Library of Ireland.* MR. M'CARTHY has prefaced it with a short historical sketch of the rise and progress of poetry in Ireland, and then he proceeds to present a brief memoir of each of the poets of the Green Isle in chronological order, accompanying the narrative with criticism and illustrative extracts from their works. Many of the early names are perfectly strange to us; but the later ones fully maintain the claim of Ireland to a poetical literature of her own. This volume closes with PARNELL. But others are to follow. Had we space, we might extract some beautiful little poems from the specimens here collected; but it matters not, as the trifling price of the volume places it within the reach of all who feel an interest in its subject-matter.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*America, its Realities and Resources: comprising important Details connected with the present Social, Political, Agricultural, Commercial, and Financial State of the Country, its Laws and Customs; together with a Review of the Policy of the United States that led to the War of 1812 and Peace of 1814—the "Right of Search," the Texas and Oregon Questions, &c.* By FRANCIS WYSE, Esq. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Newby.

THE books about America and the Americans would of themselves form a library. And what a chaos of assertion and opinion would it not present! Scarcely a statement of any writer that might not be opposed by the flat denial or a counter-statement of some other writer; scarcely an argument that is not contested; scarcely a conclusion against which a protest has not been entered. This reflection should satisfy us that in truth we know little upon the subject, and that our teachers have been almost as ignorant as ourselves.

Nor, indeed, could it be otherwise. Who are those teachers, what their natural qualifications for the task, what the sources of the knowledge they pretend to communicate?

Consider their history. On authorship intent, as a bookseller's speculation, and in the way of his profession, a literary man or lady dedicates a summer to the United States; or, it may be, for pleasure or instruction only, and without an eye to the Row, an idle gentleman proposes to kill a few months in the like fashion, and afterwards is surprised into a correspondence with a friend at home, who keeps the letters until the writer returns, and then "friends" entreat their publication, undreamed of when they were composed, and, therefore, to be taken with a liberal allowance for defects. It matters little in substance, though much in manner, to which of these accidents the work owes its origin; the results are the same. The tourist crosses the Atlantic; describes a sea voyage, of course; lands at New York; flies through the States as fast as railways and steamers will bear him; pays a morning visit to Niagara; leaves a card, perhaps, at the residence of the Governor-General of Canada; and, returning to England, presents to his countrymen a pair



of volumes at the least, professing to contain a "full, true, and particular" account of the United States, their scenery, geology, botany, and natural history, a minute picture of the character of the people, their manners, habits, and opinions; an essay on the theory and practice of republican institutions; peremptory judgments upon the present resources and future prospects, of the Union; a proper sprinkling of very pious denunciations of slavery, oblivious that we are not entitled to be especially prudish, seeing that scarcely ten years have elapsed since we also sanctioned slavery, and scarcely thirty years since it was defended by our very Bishops as an institution not opposed to Christianity, even if not sanctioned by it. And the crudities thus collected are greedily swallowed by home readers, without the slightest suspicion entertained that possibly the results of so superficial a survey, may not, after all, deserve to be trusted implicitly.

There is another defect in almost all books written by Englishmen about America; they are begun with a bias, and composed with a purpose more or less apparent to advance certain pre-existing opinions of the author. Every body who has treated of the Union has proceeded thither with a mind coloured by the hues of party or sect at home, and therefore seeing all objects as distorted by the medium through which he beholds them. Is he a Liberal? he can discover only excellence in the institutions, and an enviable lot for the people who live under them. Is he a Tory? he can discern nothing but evil in the form of government; he can find no virtues in the people; and he laughs at them, or laments for them, according to his mood.

Mr. WYSE has approached his task in a different spirit. He was not one of the herd of tourists who come and depart with the swallow. He has resided for many years in America, and thus made himself familiar with the actual state of society, the real character of the people, and true resources and prospects of the country. The difference between a work so written,—and the less showy and amusing, perhaps, but more instructive publication of Mr. WYSE,—is just such as would exist between the surface-sketching of a stranger travelling from London to Edinburgh, and stopping at the intermediate stations for the next train, and the man who had lived here, and mingled with the inhabitants, and gathered his information by much personal observation and study.

Mr. WYSE has sojourned for a long time in the country he has undertaken to describe; he has been as one with the people; was received into their social circles; heard their home thoughts,—not always identical with those to which people give utterance in steamers and railway carriages; has noted the practical working of institutions,—has seen both their faults and their virtues; has accumulated a vast fund of facts by personal investigation: and these he has thrown together in three large volumes.

Some will complain, perhaps with reason, that this is too much of a good thing; and we think that it would have been more likely to command readers had it been compressed into a smaller compass. But, on the other hand, we feel that the difficulty is extreme of dealing with so vast a subject in fewer pages. If Mr. WYSE had contemplated merely an essay upon America and the Americans, setting forth the results of his experience, he might have done it in a single volume. But such was not his design. His purpose was to present the facts upon which his opinions are founded; to narrate what he had seen and heard illustrative of his positions, so that the reader might be enabled to form a fair judgment for himself. For such a purpose three volumes will be excused, especially at this time, when all authentic particulars relative to the Union and its people will be read with an anxious interest, for on their

wisdom and forbearance, during the next twelvemonth, hangs the peace of the world.

Mr. WYSE's work is, in the substratum, a narrative of his visit to, and adventures in, the United States. Amid this he has interspersed disquisitions on a variety of subjects suggested by the incidents he is describing. Thus a vivid description of the voyage and the landing is immediately followed by a chapter on "Emigration and Emigrants," upon which topic his advice by no means accords with that so freely offered by colonial agents and land jobbers. He asserts that emigration will not do for those whom indolence or improvidence prevents from living comfortably at home. The emigrant can only hope to thrive by great self-denial, much endurance, thrift, and very hard work; and these qualities would be pretty sure to make him thrive at home, so it would appear from Mr. WYSE that emigration is useless. But there is a fallacy in the conclusion: emigration is advantageous to those industrious persons who want a wider field for their exertions, and to the persevering labourer, accustomed to privations, who abroad may hope some day to become a farmer, while in thickly peopled England his advancement out of the labouring class is almost impossible. Mr. WYSE draws this very unfavourable picture of his countrymen:—

#### THE IRISH EMIGRANTS.

But the spirit of hostility that called forth these excesses was not of the day or of the hour. It possessed none of the characteristics of the suddenly excited feeling of an intolerant and unrestrained population; but had been of gradual and stealthy progress—of fixed and certain aim; to which the emigrant has himself, in too many instances, given encouragement. For we have no wish to extenuate the conduct of our fellow-countrymen, who constitute the great bulk of the British emigrants to the United States, in this respect—their too frequent and busy interference in all matters of internal or domestic government, in which the circumstance of their early naturalization has permitted them to take part—the violent partisanship of their general proceedings in all municipal and other contests; and to which we have often and painfully borne witness; which they attempt to justify, not from its necessity, not from any real advantage or positive good it may secure to them in their new position, but from the terms of their assumed compact—the recent allegiance to which they had sworn—the newly discovered sacrifices they had made, in their severance from friends and early home, to identify themselves in all its reality with this, the country of their adoption. They carry with them, in too many instances, to the New World, the prejudices and dislikes, engendered by early associations in the Old. The sectarian animosity; the unsettled and peculiar notions, which the absence of all liberal and enlightened instruction, together with the sickly influence of a morbid political excitement, to which they are ever subject in their own country, cannot fail to produce. While acting under their varied influences, they become obnoxious to the native citizen; who cannot forget, that the emigrant is the product of another soil; has been reared and schooled in the principles of European monarchies, and that the laws, constitution, and machinery of American government, are unknown to his experience, and very probably to his comprehension; in which he can reasonably feel but very little interest or anxiety, either as to its welfare or future preservation. That neither is it in one short-lived day that he can forget his own or father-land—dissever every natural tie of kindred and former home—obliterate the recollection of every early association, and become identified in spirit and feeling with this, his newly-adopted country. Nevertheless, he is generally found amongst the most busy, and, we regret to add, the most uproarious in his interference at every election; classing himself as of the ultra-democracy of the country, and frequently carrying his notions of liberty, in the exercise of his newly-acquired right, to the verge of licentiousness.

A sketch of the constitution of the United States occupies the next chapter. It is observed that the speeches in Congress are not fully published by the papers as with us; and that when any of them find their way into

a journal, they are treated with great contempt. The members of the government are ineligible to sit in Congress; from this great inconveniences are said to result. The English public are already familiar with the fracas that occur, and some of the language that passes, in Congress. Mr. Wyse assures his readers that the stories of these squabbles are not at all exaggerated. A native editor thus describes them:—

Disagreeable and disgusting quarrels and disputes, unseemly acts of contention and strife, unhallowed words of provocation, and abuse, and bitterness, anger, malice, and wrath strode conspicuously over order and decorum, civilization and respect. Rant assumed the prerogative of reason, and the speeches of many were more like the incoherent ravings of maniacs than like the calmness of debate, or the ratiocination of enlightened minds. And so many, and so fierce were the strifes that were waged, that the House might be compared to an insurrectionary camp, the members of which were about to rush into the arena of civil war. The feudal barons of long bygone days were far more peaceable and less antagonizing than a portion of our Congress. All respect for the place, for the occasion, for character, for country, appeared to be lost, and passion and rage held the reins. Where almost all were clamorous talkers, few hearers were to be obtained, and long and angry debates, procrastinated and defeated business, neglected duty, discomfited hopes, and dishonoured names, were the unpropitious and hapless results.

The administration of justice in America is represented as extremely defective. The judicial bench is remarkable for its general incapacity; the judges are said to be glaringly incompetent. They are chosen for "their partizan feelings on some leading question of local or domestic policy, with their general subserviency to those in power." "No man of any character in the United States will accept the appointment: no lawyer of eminence, or acknowledged abilities, will undertake the office for the limited pecuniary prospects it affords."

The cause of this is the low pay, which prevents any lawyer in practice from accepting the office. Hence it is that

The judges of the land are frequently compelled to receive instructions from the bar, and to content themselves with the law as propounded to them by counsel, according to the interpretation that the interests of his client may, for the while, require him to attach to its ordinance.

Imagine an English judge resigning his place, and thus addressing the Court:—

Judge Sutherland, in announcing his resignation to the Court, stated, that he was compelled to do so, in consequence of the insufficiency of the salary. He had not, he said, by the studied, strictest economy, during any of the twelve years that he had held the office, been able from the salary to support his family. By devoting, as he had done, the whole of his time to the duties of the bench, his private affairs, by long neglect, had become necessarily deranged, and, in short, that after nine years' hard service, he was now as many thousand dollars poorer than when he took office.

The salaries of the state judges are from 400*l.* to 500*l.* per annum!

In such a state of things Mr. Wyse advises foreigners not to go to law in America if they can possibly avoid it; but, if compelled, he recommends the unfortunate stranger

To imitate the example of his American friends, and practise a well-understood lesson of American prudence and foresight, by carefully selecting such person only, to act as his professional or conducting agent, his attorney and lawyer, (for here both professions are held conjointly by the same individual,) as he may have reason to know possesses not only what is termed "the ear of the court," but who, he may also ascertain, professes the same politics, belongs to the same clique, or party in the state, and is otherwise on those intimate and familiar terms with the presiding judge, in the court

where his suit is to be tried: of which many lawyers avail themselves to secure admission to his confidential intercourse, or private interviews, even on matters of a purely judicial nature, in which they may be professionally interested, and at the time passing under his observation as a judge. These favoured parties are generally well known in every city and town in the United States; as are those lawyers professing opposite views, and in whose hands, however well versed in the every day practice—the more profound or other legal quiddities and subtleties of their profession, the best and most righteous cause stands a fair chance of being lost. We can ourselves bear witness to the working of this system. We have seen it in its nauseating and most disgusting form; where the political bias, the anti-national prejudice and dislike of the judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature (and we more than suspect his avacious predilections), have marred and shamefully perverted the ends of public justice, in the face of the most astounding facts, and contrary to the strongest possible evidence laid before him; perfectly heedless of the injury and wrong done to suffering and unoffending parties, whom an imperfect and vitiated legislation had unfortunately placed at his mercy.

The more we hear of other countries, the more cause have we to be proud of our own. Where, after all, is there so much real freedom and security, combined with so many of the comforts of existence, and so much kindly feeling, and public honesty, and private honour, as in old England?

The inferior courts are even worse than the superior. An instance is related by Mr. Wyse, which affords a fair specimen of the "Justice of the Peace law" in America.

After the cause of action had been stated, the following dialogue is reported to have taken place between the Justice and Counsellor N—s, of the Philadelphia bar, who represented the defendant. Justice B—s.—"Well, Mr. N—s, what has your client to say in this matter?" Counsel.—"Certainly nothing, Sir; it can hardly be deemed incumbent on him to resist a claim wholly unsupported by testimony." Justice B—s.—"What, Sir, do you imagine that a man would have the boldness to sue another before me, without some ground of complaint?—the thing is impossible. It behoves the defendant, therefore, to prove that the plaintiff was in the wrong, and in the absence of such proof, the conclusion of law is against him." Counsel.—"But may it please your worship, it is both illogical, and illegal, to call upon me to establish a negative." Justice B—s.—"I call upon you to do no such thing. It is a clear affirmative, viz. that the debt is paid. Every plaintiff has a *prima facie* case, which must stand good, until something is shewn from the other side to destroy it. I have so decided one hundred times, without exception or appeal. Mr. N—s's judgment must go against you." And judgment went accordingly.

The lawyers unite the characters of counsel and attorney, and the inconveniences of the practice are described as very great, and fully to shew the wisdom of the English system of separating these two branches of the Profession. To this cause Mr. Wyse attributes the general bad character of the

#### AMERICAN LAWYERS.

The restrictions usually imposed upon every citizen in qualifying for the profession of a lawyer, are so trifling, seldom exceeding three or four years' apprenticeship in an attorney's office—the probationary course of study to which he is supposed to submit, so very circumscribed—the inducements to enter the profession, from the inordinate litigation so prevalent in every part of the United States, so great—that it can scarcely be a subject for wonder, that but few of those evidences of respectability and talent, so remarkable in this influential body in England, are discernible in the American bar. In no part of the civilized world is so much dress, and base material, intermixed with so little of what is valuable and good—so little to be found of honour, so little of probity, or worth—so little of good faith, or indeed of honesty in its more simplified meaning, that it were really a risk for any person to entrust an American lawyer or attorney with an insight

into his affairs, or to consult him on any difficulty or embarrassment in which he may be placed. Traders, in the fullest sense, they readily barter the interests committed to them, for the merest prospect of personal or individual gain, and deride, with a cold and unmixed selfishness, the misfortunes—the tenfold misery and want, of which they are often the fruitful source. We speak advisedly on this subject, as well from a considerable experience, as from the assurances and repeated statements of others, on whose truth and discernment we could rely.

It is asserted, that, when a stranger is obliged to employ one of these gentry, he frequently employs another for the purpose of attending and watching his movements, and to protect him against the rapacity or rascality of the first.

Mr. WYSE gives a curious account of a secret society of lawyers said to exist in the United States for the express purpose of litigating doubtful titles, and then sharing the spoil obtained from their victims either by a compromise or a verdict. The law of bankruptcy and insolvency is remarkably lenient to debtors, and encourages, by forbearing to punish, dishonesty. The consequence is, that insolvency is nothing thought of. In the city and county of Philadelphia, comprising a population of about 150,000 persons, nearly 1,800 annually white-wash themselves of their debts by the process of insolvency. A fashionable man was pointed out to our author in this city, who had come up as an insolvent at nine successive sessions of the court, and at each had received his discharge, and had again found persons to give him credit.

The criminal law is scarcely better administered than the civil. The grand juries are described as subject to undue influences in the discharge of their duties. Common juries are often swayed by personal favour, and, it is believed, not unfrequently bought. We are glad, however, to find that "facilities are at all times given to British creditors to recover from fugitive debtors." But this power is subject to great abuse, and has been employed for purposes of extortion by means of forged affidavits and sham claims, set up in hope to induce the unfortunate emigrant to part with a portion of his small fund, rather than be involved in litigation in a strange country.

Here we pause for the present, purposing to return more than once to these volumes, so pregnant of interesting information.

#### FICTION.

*The Blackgown Papers.* By L. MARIOTTI. In 2 vols. London, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

A SERIES of pictures of life in Italy, drawn with a vigorous hand, obviously true to nature. *The Blackgown D.D.* commences with an account of the domestic vicissitudes of his life, the main design of which is to introduce the stories that follow. The Doctor is supposed to have been a settler in a solitary dale in one of the remotest districts of West Virginia; the son of a plain farmer, with moderate means, but with a father's ambition destined for the church. On the death of his parent, he left his native village and wandered about, until at length chance led him to the valley alluded to above, and which was called by the ominous name of "The Vale of the Bloody Hearth," and there, says he, "I purchased two slaves, built a log-house, locked up gown and surplice, and, with the resignation of a Cincinnatus, I set up a farming, as my father had done before me."

But ere long a town arose around him; a niece came to live with him. One day a stranger who had lost his way was admitted to a night's rest and refreshment. He fascinated both uncle and niece. He was invited to

tarry at the village to teach the latter Italian. The adventures of this gentleman must be read in the book; enough that from him did Dr. Blackgown receive the tales that occupy the remainder of the volumes.

They are certainly not works of a high class, either in design or in execution. Upon the whole, they must be pronounced common-place; but they are valuable as displaying intimate acquaintance with Italy and the Italians, and for this they will be read with pleasure, even if the attractions of the story be not sufficiently engrossing.

*Forest Hill; a Tale of Social Life in 1830-31.* In 3 vols. London, 1846. Bentley.

A PLOT, extravagant to absurdity, is the most striking characteristic of this novel, nor is this compensated by a certain cleverness in the writing which, when the book is opened, attracts the reader with hope of something original in conception, and new in matter and manner. The author has not the slightest mastery of the art of constructing a probable story, natural in its incidents, and advancing from the commencement to the close with such an order of events as at least is not impossible. A novelist may be permitted to indulge a little in the improbable; it is not required of him that he should limit his narrative to events of daily occurrence. He may, and he ought to surprise, but he must be very careful not to offend. The author of *Forest Hill*, however, cares not how he shocks all notions of order in the occurrence of events. Nor does he permit his readers to forget the badness of the plot, by exciting in them an interest for his characters. They are equally unnatural; such beings never lived. They do not move and speak like men, but as automata; we hear the author's voice, and see the motion of his eyes and the ivory of his teeth peeping from the pasteboard figures through which he utters his own thoughts. He has endeavoured to give an air of novelty to his work by the introduction of an American, very clever, but very unprincipled, who is the villain of the piece, but by no means an attractive villain. His plot with the other foreigners to bring about a revolution in Italy is absurd; and, altogether, the novel is not worth either the purchase or the borrowing.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*The Squire's Daughter; a Tragedy.* In five Acts. By ANDREW PARK. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

THIS is a domestic drama, and it helps to confirm a remark often made, that tragedy must be heroic, or it will not command attention. Whether this be the result of habit, which has indissolubly associated tragedy with greatness of rank or of intellect, or whether there is something in vulgar sorrows too familiar and real to affect the imagination, would afford a good subject for discussion. The fact, whatever the cause, is certain, and therefore this tragedy of Mr. PARK, although a meritorious composition, would, we think, fail to excite the sympathies of an audience if produced upon the stage. It is remarkable rather for elegance than force. Mr. PARK is a master of versification, and his words flow with manifest rapidity; but the ideas they convey are wanting in freshness. They are too commonplace for the tone of tragedy; too conversational for blank verse. The dialogues are somewhat prosaic. When Mr. PARK again attempts the drama, we would advise him to write in prose, from which less would be expected than from the more stately march of blank verse. *The Squire's Daughter* is a very creditable first effort, but it is a pity that first efforts should be published to the world. The sacrifice of that dearest of all a man's productions by committing it to the flames, instead of to the printer, is a painful one, but it must be made by all who desire per-



manent fame, and Mr. PARK would have done more wisely if he had mustered courage to make a blaze of his.

*Love's Trial; a Play.* In five Acts. London, 1846. Wright.

ONE of the multitude of dramas yearly printed by amateurs, which none but reviewers read, and few will venture to praise. They can be described only in negatives. They are not good, and they are not positively bad; they have no merits and few faults; the ear can detect no halting verses; the finger can light upon no passage remarkable for its beauty, and none to be condemned for its vileness. All is smooth commonplace; no interest is excited either in the plot, the personages, or the dialogue. When we close the volume, we feel only wonder why the author should have troubled himself to write, or taxed himself to print, a production which even the most sanguine hopes of the parent could scarcely flatter into a belief that it would command attention in a world too busy to read aught that has not freshness of thought or novelty of manner to recommend it. And to this negative class belongs *Love's Trial*; therefore we dismiss it with this brief notice.

*Sutton Park; a Poem.* By HENRY H. HORTON. Third edition. Birmingham and London: Darton and Clark. We have already noticed this poem, whose local interest has commended it to a third edition. It will be sufficient to announce the fact without repeating the opinion.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, &c.* CRABBE. We return to this very amusing volume, with purpose to cull a little more of the pleasant gossip with which it is studded. Opening it at the page where we parted from it before, we light upon a portrait of

The individual referred to entered the room leaning on the arm of a young lady, for he was much bowed by age. His dress was of plain black, and clerical in its cut; a lowness of stature was rendered more perceptible by his stoop; and as he tremblingly grasped an ivory-headed cane, and leaned heavily on his fair companion, a more striking picture of youth and age could not well have been depicted by any of the eminent artists whose paintings lined the gallery. The hair of this gentleman was cut short, and white as the driven snow; it stood up wildly from his head—if I may coin a word to express just what I mean—and was combed back from his high broad forehead, which was ploughed all over with transverse lines, and from his temples. His clear, grey eye was scarcely dimmed by age; the nose, once slightly aquiline, was a trifle sunken, and his mouth expressed much sweetness, benevolence, and decision of character. His features, taken as a whole, had a squareness about them which was somewhat ungraceful, but their general expression was of a pleasing and intellectual character. This gentleman attracted much attention, and observing that introductions to him were numerous and eagerly sought, I inquired of the curator of the institution who he was. "Ah!" said the gentleman to whom I addressed my question, Mr. M. in broken English, "you write poetry, and not know Crabbe?" "Who?" said I; for the only idea associated in my mind with any thing named Crabbe, was that the bearer of it must be, as he is indeed represented in many a play, a sheriff's officer—a kind of gentleman to whom an introduction is very seldom asked for. "It is Mr. Crabbe, the poet," said a friend who happened to be near, and then, I need not say that I looked with intense interest on

"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,"

as Byron called him. Mr. Crabbe's then position, too, was interesting, for he was seated in Cowper's arm-chair, the same which the Bard of Olney occupied at Mrs. Unwin's, and in which, perhaps, he indited his touching lines, "To Mary."

And in the same chapter we find another of

DR. PUSEY.

His personal appearance was anything but that of one who was universally acknowledged to be the leader of a powerful and increasing party in the church—a party which at one time threw it into a moral convulsion, and the effects of which are still felt. He was small in stature, and attenuated in frame and feature. His profile was more striking than his front face, the nose being very large and prominent. As he paced the aisle very slowly, with his eyes fixed on the pavement, the lips compressed, and his thin sallow cheeks displaying hollows, and his brow lines, which thought had prematurely planted there, he presented the appearance of an ascetic—of a monk suddenly transformed into a clergyman of the Church of England; for in his person he displayed all the austere sanctity of the one, whilst his canonicals sufficiently indicated his position as the other. His style of preaching was cold, tame, and spiritless. One of the solemn-looking, stony, monumental men who reclined in their niches, with hands, palm to palm, reverently placed on their breasts, might have arisen from his cold couch, gone into the pulpit, delivered such another sermon, and made, leaving the supernaturalness of the matter entirely out of the question, just about as great a sensation. His tones were feeble and harsh, and if his cold, dull, greyish eye did at times lighten up, the effect was but as that produced by the luminous mists which are seen in dank morasses, flickering, but not illuminating. Of the graces of oratory, there were literally none—no action, no modulation of tone, no harmonious combination of sound with sentiment. The sermon was coldly monotonous; and when, to my inexpressible relief, it terminated, I could not help muttering to myself—And can this be the head of the Puseyite School?

A visit to the lakes introduced the author to

We were already deep in the topic of the "Old Thorn" of the lyrical ballads ("so old that you could hardly believe that it had ever been young"), Mr. Wordsworth favouring me by relating the precise occasion of its composition; his being in reality caught in a storm on Somersetshire hill; there being an actual lichenized thorn, and also some likeness of a child's grave (which must be a small green hillock, and therefore might very well be thought a grave, without allowing for a poet's or traveller's license), Mrs. Wordsworth patiently waiting, with hand extended, for the poet's tea-cup, which in the ardour of the "pleasure of memory" he also held, but still retained empty, when, at my mention of that luckless name, suggested by some remark of his own on the unfairness of the laughers at his theory, up started the tall figure of the lyricist, his hitherto complacent countenance, which was very expressive in spite of dim eyes and a hard outline, ruffled like his own little pond, that he had "measured from side to side," by the sudden storm, and with one hand thrust into his breast, and the other clenched, began a rapid walk about the room, all the time, in good set terms, not rapid like his motions, talking a review of the *Review*, sometimes of the work in  *toto* ; sometimes of its single onslaught on himself and of his "Excursion," then of Mr. Jeffrey, who "might think it like a great man, and worthy of his public character, to publicly insult another; but he also must abide the judgment of the public—slow, indeed, occasionally, to do justice—slow," and he repeated the words, as if pondering, and becalmed himself with some inward reflection, and then obeyed Mrs. Wordsworth's anxious invitation to take his tea before it was quite cold.

At the residence of COLERIDGE he one day met

CHARLES LAMB.

I think it was on a Sunday that, entering Mr. Coleridge's residence, I passed in the hall a plain, quizzical, slightly-made little gentleman and a lady, just departing to catch the last Highgate stage to London. The lingering of the cheerful couple at the door with their host seemed to indicate reluctance to end their pleasant day. I found that this was the facetious, the feeling, the fancy-fraught, the delightful "Elia"—Charles Lamb, the India House slave, the genius martyred on the altar of Plutus, not for his own emolument, but that of a company. The galley-slave, probably, has rarely much soul into which the "iron" of his chain can enter, as Sterne expresses it; no

one can read Lamb's effusions, and doubt that a gentle, generous, exalted soul existed under all his playfulness, and "informed" and "o'er-informed" that fragile tenement. I could hear a parting *bon-mot* let off, which hung fire as usual; Lamb's stammer never being wholly forgotten, as I believe is usual with persons liable to that infirmity. It elicited his sister's ready laugh, however, and the more restrained response in the fashion of the thoughtful poet. Lamb's dress was black; he wore small-clothes and high gaiters. His stature was low; his whole figure so slight, as to appear more diminutive perhaps than it really was. He said he was as tall as Kean; but of this, as I never saw Edmund off the stage, I cannot judge. His forehead was ample; his hair dark, thick, and curling; his head, indeed, looking rather too big for its support, but it was what would have been deemed a very fine one on a "fine man," according to vulgar parlance. His nose was aquiline, and the mouth very expressive. The melancholy and mirth of the inner man seemed peculiarly depicted on his pensive yet half-smiling countenance.

An interview with HAZLITT is described at some length. We must be content with a part of it.

"In his parlour, which was well furnished (a back room, and very still, the street being little of a thoroughfare), sat a middle-aged man, slippered, and in a dishabille indicating recent uprising (he had probably not retired until it was day-break). He had rather hard but strongly marked features, which only became expressive after much drawing out of his feeling by intercourse. He received me with what appeared shyness, or reluctance to be disturbed, but which I afterwards found to be his habit at first meeting. His tones were quite as low as those of Coleridge; when not excited, they were almost plaintive or querulous, but his placidity breathed more of unconscious pensiveness than that of his brother thinker, whose complacent meekness always rather savoured of acting, at least of a conscious attention to sage or martyr-like bearing, until his aroused enthusiasm broke through all, elevated his tones and evenature, and the man was forgotten in the inspired declaimer.

The conversation that ensued is extremely interesting. It ranged from reviewing to politics, and then to poetry.

"I found him full of feeling for the charms of nature, though a Cockney," as his enemies delighted to call him. He expressed his pleasant recollections of some travelling adventures he met with long before, when exercising his original calling of a portrait painter. Painting was long the chosen field of his ambition. He used to spend weeks in a lone house on Salisbury Plain, and overflowed with re-awakened romantic feeling of his solitary evenings there with a few favourite authors, and well recollect his remarking on the solemn, undefined expression of romantic pleasure he felt in watching here and there, like stars on the earth, a cottage light after night-fall, upon the huge walls of black, formed by the mountains in the background; and the sensations occasioned by his quitting some village on the borders of the vast plain, as their lights grew few, and the sounds of the rustling autumnal leaf were heard, instead of those arising from the occupations of rural life, whilst he faced the wild country and the boundless gloom, to reach some other gathering-place of man. He liked him better as the poet than the politician, which latter chased away in a few minutes the poet-painter, better as the literary enthusiast, the night-wanderer, the musing philosopher, and the companion of the immortal dead in the cottage of the world, among the sterile shepherd haunts and brown solitudes of Salisbury Plain, than as the bitter denouncer of parties opposed to him in political opinions.

Let us turn now to a sadder theme. It is a visit to

#### BYRON IN HIS SHROUD.

In the month of July, 1824, the body of Lord Byron was brought from Missolonghi to England, and on being landed from the "Florida," was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, who then resided in Great George-street, Westminster. Having availed myself of peculiar facilities, I saw, on one occasion, the corpse of the poet—the lid of the coffin being for some necessary purpose removed. It was at night

that the work of opening the shell commenced. This was soon effected, and when the last covering was removed, we beheld the face of the illustrious dead,

All cold and all serene.

Were I to live a thousand years, I should never, never forget that moment. For years I had been intimate with the mind of Byron. His wondrous works had thrown a charm around my daily paths, and with all the enthusiasm of youth I had almost adored his genius. With his features, through the medium of paintings, I had been familiar from my boyhood; and now, far more beautiful, even in death, than my most vivid fancy had ever pictured, there they lay in marble repose. The body was not attired in that most awful of habiliments—a shroud. It was wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, and the throat and head were uncovered. The former was beautifully moulded. The head of the poet was covered with short, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with grey hairs, especially over the temples, which were ample and free from hair, as we see in the portraits. The face had nothing of the appearance of death about it—it was neither sunken nor discoloured in the least, but of a dead, marble whiteness—the expression was that of stern quietude. How classically beautiful was the curved upper lip and the chin. I fancied the nose appeared as if it was not in harmony with the other features; but it might possibly have been a little disfigured by the process of embalming. The forehead was high and broad—indeed, the whole head was extremely large—it must have been so, to have contained a brain of such capacity. But what struck me most was the exceeding beauty of the profile, as I observed it when the head was lifted, for the purpose of adjusting the furniture. It was perfect in its way, and seemed like a production of Phidias. Indeed, it far more resembled an exquisite piece of sculpture than the face of the dead—so still, so sharply defined, and so marble-like in its repose. I caught the view of it but for a moment; yet it was long enough to have it stamped upon my memory as

A thing of beauty, which poor Keats tells us is "a joy for ever." It is indeed a melancholy joy to me to have gazed upon the silent poet. As Washington Irving says of the old sexton, who crept into the vault where Shakspeare was entombed, and beheld there the dust of ages, "It was something even to have seen the dust of Byron."

Our author records the following trait of SOUTHEY'S GENEROSITY.

Southey's extreme kindness to young and struggling men of mind is not so well known, or so generally appreciated as it should be. One instance fell under my own notice. I knew in B—— a young man, a lawyer's clerk, who shewed so decided a genius for painting that it was really painful to see him drudging over dry parchments and musty records. I advised him to copy a certain picture, which I knew would much interest Southey—he did so, and I sent it, with a letter from the artist, to Southey at Keswick. I also informed him of the circumstance, and asked his advice as to the young painter's welfare. Southey, who was always as punctual as clockwork in his correspondence—for he never allowed a letter to remain unanswered for a single day—in a short time wrote the young man an exceedingly kind epistle, and so interested himself in his behalf, that, at the time I write, the quondam lawyer's clerk is a popular exhibitor at M. R. M. meetings.

Among the reminiscences, are some of ABERNETHY, with which the public is not familiar. On one occasion the author called upon him with two ladies. The interview is very characteristic.

#### A VISIT TO ABERNETHY.

He was rather under the middle stature, and somewhat inclined to corpulency; yet so slightly, that the idea of fat never entered into the minds of any one who looked on him. His face was very peculiar, and somewhat pear-shaped—that is, it was narrower than ordinary at the summit of the forehead, which was high, and ploughed transversely with deep furrows. His eyes were small, deep set, grey, and very keen and twinkling. There was evidently a good deal of sarcastic humour in the lines about his mouth. The nose was long and well-

shaped. A soiled white cravat enveloped his portly double-chin and neck—and his dress, which seemed to have been huddled on, not put on, consisted of a blue dress-coat, cut in antique style, and decorated with bright brass buttons—a lemon-coloured waistcoat, and snuff-coloured “continuations;” and a mean-looking pair of old red slippers, which only half concealed some whitish-brown stockings, completed his costume. “Now, then, which of you wants me?” were his first words, which he uttered without removing from his elegant position before the fire. The elder lady, by a sign, indicated that her daughter was the patient; and was about detailing the symptoms, when he interrupted her with—“There, hold your tongue, madam!” then sitting by the young lady, he felt her pulse, asked her a few questions, gave a peculiar shrug with his shoulders, and then said to her mother—“And pray, madam, how far have you brought your daughter to see me?” “From B——, Sir,” was the reply. “Our family physician——” “Didn’t tell you to send her to Mr. Abernethy, I’ll swear!” interrupted Abernethy—“a fool if he did!—You’ve thrown away time and money, madam, by coming here.” “What! is there real danger, sir?” asked the frightened mother. “Fiddle-de-dee, madam! *There*, ma’am (handing her a slip of paper, on which was written the name of his publisher), go and buy my book, and read page 84. I’ll tell you how I came to write the book; there—sit down—don’t be frightened—we’ll get the red edges off your daughter’s tongue, and make it less like a lancet in shape, and she’ll do well enough. A great hulky Yorkshire farmer came here to consult me, and told me such a long story that it made me sick. Finding he only did what other people did—tire my patience—I thought I’d say, once for all, what I had to say on paper; and so I put it in a book, and it saves me a good deal of trouble. People come to me with their long stories, and then they wonder that I am rude to them. They abuse their systems, and then expect me to set them to rights all at once. Good morning, madam!” So, bidding us farewell, he handed a prescription, which he had written while talking, put the three guineas, tendered as his fee, into his waistcoat pocket, and rang a small bell, which summoned a servant, who shewed us out through a different door from that by which we made our ingress. We had not gone half a dozen steps from the door, when the young lady remembered that she had left her parasol on the table. She was hastening back for it, and had just reached the door, when it suddenly opened, and Mr. Abernethy appeared, holding it in his hand. “Hallo!” he called out, in a voice that half frightened the poor girl into hysterics, “here’s your what-d’ye-call-it. What the devil d’ye leave your d—d traps here for?—I don’t want ‘em!”—and he rudely thrust it into her hand.

Turn now to one of the ablest men of our age,

**FARADAY.** He had a pleasant countenance, lighted up by a pair of the most lively, restless black eyes I ever saw in the head of man, or woman either. His hair too, was jet black, curly, and parted in the very centre of his forehead, not giving him, as hair disposed in that manner sometimes does, a sleek, sheepish appearance, but a smart, jaunty, natty air. In person, he was slender, and of about the average height. It is a common mode of expression, to say that a man who is restless “is upon wires;” in Faraday’s case, the allusion would be quite appropriate, for he was never still half a minute together, and there was such a continual lively smile, not a smirk, on his lips, that it was really pleasant to look at him. He had the familiar nod and the cheerful recognition for every one, and seemed to feel a real anxiety to make every one about him comfortable; and with all his splendid attainments, there was so much humility apparent, that his genius blazed ten times the brighter for his seeming unconsciousness of it. His style of lecturing is very brilliant, and I have heard those who had listened to that most poetical and fascinating of scientific lecturers, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, say, that in point of felicitous illustration, Faraday is scarcely to be considered his inferior. His voice is musical, and well modulated, and I can scarcely imagine a higher mental treat than that offered by hearing Faraday lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

Another remarkable personage described in this volume is

#### EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from whence he sprung, and which he was about to address, he was attired in working clothes—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summit of which thick stubby hair was brushed up—streaks of grey mingling with the coarse black hair—his eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large, deeply set, glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were grafted on his face, the mouth was thick-lipped, and the lines, from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, were deeply indented—graven in. A very black beard, lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick, massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him, the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him. He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness he painted the situation of the working man—he shewed what he might have been, and contrasted his possible and probable situation with what it then was.

From the more noted preachers of our time, we take two portraits; one of

#### BAPTIST NOEL.

A gentleman rises to address the vast assemblage. He is tall, thin, and delicate looking. His head is beautifully shaped—indeed, I have never seen so perfect a model of a cranium, if I may so express myself. It is covered by lightish-coloured hair, easily and naturally disposed over a finely-shaped, marble white forehead. There is in the face of this gentleman a remarkably sweet expression. The eyes are grey, and beaming with mild radiance—the nose Grecian, and the mouth and chin finely formed. The whole head and face somewhat reminds one of some of the portraits of Byron. This resemblance may owe its origin to something more substantial than fancy, for the individual I am describing is a relative of the noble poet’s, one of whose names he bears. It is the Honourable and Rev. Baptist Noel, one of the most popular of the Evangelical section of the Church of England. Some persons think him, when he is arrayed in his surplice, much like Bishop Heber. Listen as he speaks. Surely there was never so sweet a voice as his; clear, distinct, and extremely musical. Although he commences in a somewhat subdued tone, not a word is uttered which is not heard by the most far away individual in the hall. As he proceeds his voice increases in volume, and is beautifully modulated. A sweet smile occasionally irradiates his countenance, but its prevalent and general expression is that of calm and dignified repose. His heart is in his subject, for he talks of missions. With an easy grace he introduces the subject, and then, having impressed on his hearers its importance, he takes a survey of the rise and progress of that society whose claims he may be advocating. Listening to his description of what has been done, and is doing, is like taking a journey through the scenes he describes.

And another, exceedingly vivid, of

#### ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

He was what one would call a “pretty looking parson;” his hair of a dark colour, was carefully parted in the centre of his forehead, and combed aside, terminating in two very precisely arranged curls, which did not look very natural, but they might have been for all that; his eyebrows were as regular as if pencilled; he had pretty good dark eyes, and as he affectingly glanced round on the crowded congregation, it seemed as if a faint smile of self-satisfaction played upon his lips. His gown was most carefully disposed—not a fold was out of order, and the bands were of snowy whiteness and most precise pattern. I have heard that Mr. Montgomery sometimes sports ruffles, but I did not observe them on this occasion. As it was, there was a good deal too much of the “nice young man” about him to square with my perhaps antiquated notions. Mr. Montgomery,



after giving out his text, commenced his discourse with very great fluency, using no notes, excepting occasionally referring to a slip of paper which was inserted between the leaves of his small bible. It appeared to me that he had learned his discourse, and was now reciting it, as a schoolboy does his lesson. His voice was harsh and ill-modulated, and his manner very affected. As to the sermon itself, it appeared to be little else than a tissue of laborious conceits, wrapped up in very hard words. Simplicity had nothing to do with it; and if ever a grain of wheat showed itself, he immediately hid it beneath the chaff of his illustration. There was nothing like argument; or, if he did attempt anything in that way, he only created tinseled giants for the purpose of displaying his own dexterity in knocking them down. There were such observations as these,—he talked of “God radiating his own eternity from his own essence;” “God-ward accretions of grace, and Devil-ward accretions of sin;” of “light touching sentiment in its most exquisite centre.” He remarked, that “a holy man in a room radiated sanctity;” observed, that “when he visited poor people they sometimes said they had such and such a feeling, but that he always told them that they had nothing to do with feeling!” And in winding up his discourse, he assured his hearers that he had arrived at certain views after “prayerful and hard study.” The sermon was indeed

a fine specimen on the whole,  
Of rhetoric, which the learned call rignarole.

Many others tempt to extract, but we have already trespassed too much upon a volume whose best recommendation will be the very interesting passages we have cited.

#### JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

*Geschichte des Grafen Hugo von Craenhowe, und seines Fremden Abulfaragus.* Von HENDRIK CONSCIENCE aus dem Flämischen. Leipzig, 1846.

*The History of Count Hugo von Craenhowe, and his Friend Abulfaragus.* By HENRY CONSCIENCE.

We must direct the attention of our readers to a name becoming rapidly popular among foreign readers, that of HENRY CONSCIENCE, a Flemish writer, long distinguished in his own country, whose works are now translated all over the continent. Many of them have been rendered into German, and dedicated to LOUISA PLOENIES, a writer whose claims to celebrity we have some time since introduced to our readers, a poetess of no common order, and a linguist of some note. As one well versed in the Flemish language, she was capable of fully entering into the beauties of this epic-romantic writer. His historical pictures, powers of representing the life and spirit of past ages, have long been known and acknowledged. Among his latest works we may name “Das Wunderjahre,” a tale of much vigour and dramatic skill. His tales for the young are also admirable of their kind, being written in that tone of beautiful simplicity we have so much admired in the Germans. One of these, the title of which we have placed above, has lately come under our observation. It is the history of the Count von Craenhowe, a Flemish noble of the fourteenth century, or, more correctly speaking, of his protégé, the hero of the book, a boy adopted by him in compassion for his misfortunes. The fate of the Craenhowe house is intimately bound up with that of the youth: the superstitions of the age are well represented in the narrative, which contains, however, scarcely half-a-dozen characters whereby they might be intimidated; consequently, a greater difficulty has been overcome, in giving to these few the tone peculiar to the state of society at that period.

Bernhard, Burggraf von Reedale, the young hero, meets with disasters in his childhood, whereby he loses his parents, and the family possessions are forcibly wrested from him; he is then befriended by the Count of Craenhowe; with his young sister he is educated, until a mysterious person in the Count's household, a

person whose influence is not to be despised, succeeds in expelling him from the castle. We give Bernhard's description of this character:—

It was hardly possible for me not to perceive that my happiness was gradually exciting envy and suspicion against me. You must know, Albrecht, that my protector, Count Arnold von Craenhowe, was never to be seen; the apartments which he occupied in the castle were closed to all the servants; no one had access there with the single exception of one individual, who, as melancholy and reserved as he, seemed to possess his entire confidence. This one was indeed a remarkable man, and his very appearance exercised an extraordinary power over me; his presence alone made me tremble, and in the course of time I feared him as much as the devil himself. Nature had not given him pleasant features; but my dread and terror only increased the disagreeable expression of his countenance, at least to myself, and in time caused me to regard him as perfectly hideous. You must have observed, Albrecht, that an owl has yellow muddy eyes. His were the same. See, on your dog's back, how the hair stands up, so rough and hard; so stood his hair on his frightful head. Your book there is bound in two dirty skins; so was his face. Have you ever noticed how a fox, caught in a rope, snaps at the huntsman, and attempts to bite him. His most friendly smile was like that fox. You must have seen a falcon. Like the claws of that bird were his hands, with long thin fingers and crooked nails. You must have heard a blasphemous sound in your life, Albrecht. His name sounded like one; he was called Abulfaragus. This man, who in the castle and the neighbourhood passed for an astrologer and magician, never came near me, without casting upon me a look of suspicion and distrust. Often, when I ran about under the trees with my little playfellow Adelheid, I would see his fearful yellow eyes shine forth behind some bush or other; more than once he would creep among the shrubs like a dog, and listen to our childish conversation. Although at that time I troubled myself little about it, there grew, nevertheless, in my heart a deep hatred against the dreaded spy. But I was not alone in my horror; the whole castle trembled before his voice, partly because it was well known that the invisible Count Arnold spoke only through him, partly because it was feared he might revenge the least disobedience by his powers of enchantment. Not far from the castle there stood a retired grove of elm trees, and beneath their black and impenetrable shade, there lay a tombstone with a carved inscription. It was there that Abulfaragus commonly retired when he was not with Arnold von Craenhowe. No one knew what he did beneath the elm trees, nor why he remained there so long; every one carefully avoided going near the tombstone, and we were particularly mindful not to play near it. Adelheid, however, knew that the grave contained the ashes of her dead parents, but had herself never ventured near it. The attendants of the castle had received from Abulfaragus strict command never to deny anything on earth to Adelheid, and consequently, in spite of her youth, it seemed that she alone reigned over the castle. In her name I also governed as if I myself were master.

This state of happiness could not last for ever; the astrologer, Abulfaragus, sees in the stars that Bernhard's remaining in the castle will be productive of great misery to the house, to which he is bound heart and soul; by fair and foul means he succeeds at length in ejecting him from the castle; and Bernhard becomes a simple shepherd. His burning desire is to learn to read, that he may entertain his beloved sister Adelheid with tales of knights, and wonders of saints, &c. We will give some idea of his life in this situation, and how it led to an important change in his career.

The shepherds separated, each to collect his flock. While Bernhard was thus occupied, the old man approached him softly, and whispered in a deep voice, “Bernhard, have you ever seen the Wehrwolf?” The youth was surprised, turned his head anxiously from side to side, and answered, “No; why do you ask me?” “Look round quietly: on the borders of the wood you will see him.” Bernhard obeyed, and perceived the dark shadow of a man, apparently gliding with great care and caution among the low bushes skirting the forest. “Ha!” said he, “is that the Wehrwolf, of whom

they speak so much? I imagined it was a wild, raging, beast, and at this distance it looks like a human being. What is a Wehrwolf, then?" "Don't you know? A Wehrwolf is a man, condemned by Heaven, on account of his sins, to wander about at night without rest, or ever ceasing, in the form of a wolf. These Wehrwolves fly from the villages and dwellings of men, in the fear of having the doors and windows shut against them; for should that ever happen, they are irresistibly impelled, when next in the shape of a wolf, to dash themselves to death against the walls." "Have you, Albrecht, ever seen that man in the form of a wolf?" "Yes, very often. It is now about ten years since he chose this forest for his abode; since that time no one ventures to go near it, partly from fear, partly in respect to the punishment sent upon the sinner. At night the Wehrwolf roams about here, or else sits in the church-yard between two graves, where he howls and groans most frightfully. No one has ever yet heard him speak, and they believe he is dumb, otherwise he is as soft and gentle as a lamb; when he passes near any one, his head is bent down, the eyes cast on the ground, and then he will disappear all on a sudden like a spirit. No one has ever seen him do any harm, either to man or beast. He once gave a poor woman, whom he found weeping on the borders of the forest, two gold pieces; the woman was terrified and ran away, and dared not take up the money. But that shews that he has not a bad heart." During these remarks, Bernhard had not once turned his eyes from closely watching the movements of the Wehrwolf; and, as he was now very near to where the shepherd stood, they could see his face very distinctly. He seemed to be a man of good size, tall in figure, and clothed from head to foot in a long hair garment, that looked like the skin of a wild beast. In his right hand he held a staff, on which he supported his bent frame; while the left arm was held close to the side, as if he carried something under it. This must have chained Bernhard's attention; for suddenly he exclaimed, "What has he there under his arm? Is it not a book?" "I cannot see clearly what it is," answered Albrecht; but added immediately, "Yes, it is a book, and a book four times as large as mine." Bernhard fell into a deep reverie, and murmured, "The Wehrwolf can read!" Then raising his eyes, he beheld him bending down among the thicket, and gradually disappear. Twice had Albrecht summoned his companion in vain to leave the heath, and drive home his flock; but there Bernhard stood, lost in thought, still gazing on the spot where the Wehrwolf vanished from his sight. At last, however, he called his dog and left the place, wrapped in strange dreamy fancies, and repeating from time to time "The Wehrwolf can read, then!"

Every thing sleeps upon the heath. The leaves of the plants are still folded, the flowers still fast closed; like animated beings they lie lost in oblivion, their eyes closed to the darkness. It is no longer night, neither is it yet day. The horizon in the west is black and impenetrable, while the east, like transparent water, is marked with many-coloured changing lights. There is but one of all the stars to be seen, and that one is Lucifer, the messenger of the sun. A cloudy curtain hangs over the great forest. It rises higher and higher, and has soon disappeared in the air. The earth, like a patient maid waiting for the commands of her lord, lies clothed in silence until her master comes. There is now a crimson glow on the gates of the east; the morning star grows pale. Yonder is a goldfinch; he shakes the dew-drops from his feathers, leaves the bough, spreads forth his little wings, and seats himself on the tallest tree of the forest. Thence he gazes joyfully towards the east; another moment and a gleam of the golden sun-shield is to be seen; with loud and happy notes he hails the morning light. Happy bird! The word has been given: a thousand singing birds awake, and a thousand songs of praise now glorify creation. See, the larks rise higher and higher; they must pour forth their voices nearer to the throne of heaven. Look again, the sun has now risen above the pine trees. Listen to the crickets and grasshoppers; now they join their voices in the universal morning hymn. The flowers unfold their leaves, open their crowns and cups, as if they would catch the first sunbeam with their whole heart. Welcome, thou bright glory of the great Creator!—If Bernhard's lips uttered not their song of praise, not less fervent did it sound within his soul, while, for the last half-hour, he watched the morning dawn over the heath, and, kneeling, worshipped the

Author of all nature, while the flock around him sought their daily meal. But whatever might be the piety of the young herd-boy, he failed not, every now and then, to cast a glance on the spot where he noticed the Wehrwolf to have vanished on the previous day. Suddenly he trembled from head to foot; he saw the Wehrwolf creep forth on hands and feet, from beneath the brambles, raise himself up, and disappear beyond the edge of the forest. This time he had no book or anything else beneath his arm. The book, then, must have been left in the forest; perhaps the cavern of the Wehrwolf contained more books besides that one! But who, in Heaven's name, would venture to approach his den, and enter it, to see what might be there? Would not some horrid death assuredly punish his temerity? Might not the dread Wehrwolf tear his limbs in pieces, and give them a prey to the beasts of the forest?

Poor Bernhard! There he stands on the heath, leaning on his staff, and looking on the ground, and as if his senses were leaving him; his brow is hot, his feet hardly support him, and unconquerable attraction draws him towards the forest. He takes one step, now another, now more; but he trembles all over, and looks fearfully around. And now he has gained the circuit of brambles that mark the boundary of the Wehrwolf's domain. Shall he be bold enough to bend down, then, where the Wehrwolf bent, and then follow out his path until it leads him to the dreaded spot? An hour before noon Bernhard still stood before the thicket, with averted head, and countenance expressing determination and excitement; the desire of knowledge and fear of death struggled together within him: at last it seemed that the first conquered, for he bent down slowly, then threw himself violently on the ground, and crept beneath the brambles, on all fours, like a brute. The love of knowledge had overcome the fear of death. The thicket did not extend far; before long he could raise himself up and look round; nothing strange or remarkable met his eye; nature here was waste and desolate; a death stillness reigned around, and over all there hung a half impenetrable gloom. Like a thief, he stepped on, his heart beating more and more, and every moment increasing his anxiety and caution. From time to time the cry of a bird of prey smote his ear; or he was struck still by the sight of a withered tree, extending its dry branches before him like a human being obstructing his passage; but the longing for knowledge drove him onward through the path of the Wehrwolf, worn completely bare by the tread. At last he came to a low spot of ground, without a single tree growing on it, or even for some little distance around; this spot was covered with grass and flowers. A small, almost hidden brook wandered through this natural meadow, like a silver serpent, hastening to leave the sun-beams for the nearest shade. Every thing here was bright and fresh; the sun shone down on the green grass and called forth the innumerable flowers; birds without number sang on the trees; in one word, this little spot was like a garden planted by nature's caprice in the midst of the desert. Any other traveller would assuredly have rested awhile in this enticing plot of ground, have quenched his thirst in the stream, and listened with delight to the beautiful voices of the birds; but in Bernhard's mind there was but one feeling, but one thought—"Are there any books hidden here?" After looking around him awhile, he observed on the further side of the meadow a small sand-hill, and in this an opening between some entangled bushes; perhaps this led to the den of the Wehrwolf. Thither he turned, but the nearer he came, the slower were his steps; his anxiety became intense; and he stood trembling before the entrance of the Wehrwolf's dwelling.

This den, however, bore no such terrible aspect; at the first glance it was evidently the work of man's unaided hand. A large hole, like a room, had been first made in the hill, a roof formed above it with strong branches, and then covered thickly with broom and fern. One side of this covering was made firm, and impervious to wind and rain; on the other, a large hole had been left for the admission of light and air. The cavern could not be called small; a tall man might have stood upright in it without difficulty. Nothing was there that could terrify him, yet Bernhard hesitated to enter. He was evidently much afraid, for he stepped back and looked carefully around to see if the Wehrwolf were near. He had almost resolved to return again, when his eyes fell suddenly on



the great book which lay there before him, resting on a sort of reading-desk. To change now was impossible; the book seized upon him like a magnet, and springing towards it, like a beast upon his prey, he seized the open leaves with both hands. How happy was Bernhard at this moment! A joyous smile lit up his face, his eyes beamed with delight, his breast heaved, his heart beat high, and his hands trembled with eagerness and impatience! He had a book now, and a large, beautiful one! Had he not been so absorbed in the contemplation of his treasure, he would have discovered more than one object in this strange dwelling to attract his attention. The desk on which the great book rested was formed of twisted branches fastened on the ground; in one corner stood a bedstead, formed in the same manner, filled with moss, and half covered with a worn woollen covering; in the centre of the chamber was fixed a large wooden cross, from one arm of which hung a knight's collar, and a sword stained with black spots, that looked like dried blood; near this hung a spear, very much rusted. At the foot of the bed lay an open travelling bag, and with this some scattered pieces of money. Beyond these there hung from the wall some dried roots, of various kinds and uses; a scourge, and a girdle, furnished on the inner side with small iron spikes. But Bernhard remarked nothing of all this; utterly lost in the contemplation of the book before him, he turned the leaves over from time to time, without knowing what he was doing. But for this slight movement, and his deep breathing, you would have taken him for a statue.

"Oh, heavens! who is standing at the door of the hut? Is it a man? Yes; it is the Wehrwolf, with his thick knotted stick, and his brown garment. His sunken eyes send forth sparks of fire, his hollow cheeks become still paler, his lips seem to tremble—but he stands motionless on the threshold, and observes the young shepherd, whose countenance is half averted from him. Unhappy Bernhard! Unconscious and happy, he was lost in dreams on the wonderful book. Did he but know what fiery eyes were fixed upon him!

We cannot here enter into the full details of how the Wehrwolf befriended Bernhard, and taught him to read, or how the Wehrwolf was eventually discovered to be the unfortunate brother of Count Arnold of Craenhowe, suffering penance for the supposed death of the Count Hugo; neither can we relate how the history of the mysterious Abulfaragus is involved in that of the Craenhowe family, or how it is eventually made clear that he is the friend, not the enemy, of Bernhard; for all these we must refer our foreign readers to the work itself; we will, however, extract from the recital of his adventures a graphic account of the progress and effects of the plague in the fourteenth century, which we considered well written and of much interest.

**THE PLAGUE.** During this time, and while, in every direction, they preached the crusade, a frightful destructive disease suddenly appeared in Europe. Our city was by no means one of those from which few victims were taken; it somewhat resembled the eastern leprosy, only was more malignant. Among us, however, it was called the leprosy. Whoever was seized by it, experienced in the first place a violent palpitation of the heart; a cold perspiration covered his limbs, the face and entire body assumed a dark yellow colour, and in the course of a couple of hours were covered with blue spots. The following day these spots became hard boils, which in a short time formed horrible sores. Most sufferers from this hideous disease died within a few days; others again lingered for a longer period, sometimes for months, to the great terror of their fellow-citizens. But the most dreadful thing was the infectious nature of the plague; every one believed the mere sight of one stricken with it was sufficient for its propagation. It is indisputable that to touch the hand of a victim was certain death; whoever entered the house where the plague had been, whoever touched their infected clothes, was on the following day covered with these blue spots; even money was said to communicate the infection.

It is impossible to describe the terror which seized upon every one at the appearance of this plague; every door and window was kept closed; not a living soul was to be seen in

the streets. For some days the city bore the aspect of a deserted place, where neither man nor beast had entered for years. The whole day long our father left us; provided with spices to protect him, he carried help and counsel into the house alike of Jew or Christian, and, perhaps, of a thousand sufferers; he saved eight or ten. What he related to us when he came home late at night to rest was indeed shocking; he saw children thrust their parents down the steps, and leave them to die like dogs in the streets; mothers, too, tie a rope round the necks of their children, and throw them out of the house; brothers, who held up a weapon to prevent their infected sisters from coming near them. In these times, things like this are scarcely to be believed; every tie of nature was broken; every one mistrusted his fellow-creature; they crept into cellars and caves, prepared to kill the first who might approach them, be it father, wife, or child. If one stricken appeared in the streets, let him be seeking help, or cast out by his friends and relatives, he could not take many steps before an arrow from some window or other would lay him dead on the spot. After six or seven days of this horrible existence, it began to freeze, and the winter promised to be very severe. This change of weather brought also a change in the disease. It was observed that there were but few fresh victims to the infection; and that those infected, instead of rapidly dying away, seemed to linger longer, and in some cases eventually to recover. The authorities began to take measures for the improvement of matters, and here and there the city again resumed some faint signs of life. Strict but necessary laws, concerning the pestilence and the prevention of infection, were put into action: all those who were diseased were compelled to carry a white staff in their hands. Whoever encountered a leper without the distinguishing staff was justified in killing him on the spot, and therefore received a certain reward from the magistrates; every one was forbidden to communicate with a leper within a distance of ten steps; whoever transgressed this order, was liable to instant death; also, under pain of death, no leper was allowed to enter either a church or a house; even to throw any thing in the street, to give a piece of bread to a dog or to a cat, rendered the person liable to the same immediate punishment. In a word, these unfortunate lepers were to be seen nowhere, on pain of having their miserable lives brought to an instant termination by the sword. As it naturally chanced that the greater part of the sick consisted of the poor and needy, it of course followed that many of them died from hunger and thirst; others, impelled by want of the commonest necessities of life, broke at night into the houses of the bakers and cornchandlers, and thus poisoned their stores.

Partly from compassion, partly to confine the infection as much as possible to one spot, the bishop commanded some houses to be brought beyond the town and converted into shelter for the lepers. The citizens, who perceived in this a means of ridding themselves of their so much dreaded presence, were willing in giving their assistance and money; and in a very short period, several houses had been arranged and appropriated to the use of the plague-stricken. Nothing within them, indeed, had been changed, only all the windows had been nailed up; a square space had been encircled with a high wall, fastened with strong doors, and in front, at a man's height from the ground, there was an opening made, which opening was carefully nailed and barred in. Every leper found in the streets after the bishop's first proclamation, if not willing to follow the officers to the lazaretto, was killed on the spot. Within less than eight days, these pest-houses were filled to overflowing, many of the unfortunate inmates rushing thither from hunger alone. As for the afflicted sick, it was easy for them to find persons who for money would fetch them food, and throw it towards them. Heartrending and horrible indeed was the fate of these imprisoned wretches. The door of the lazaretto opened for them but once, it turned on its hinges only to admit new victims. Food was handed to them at the end of a long pole, directed to the railings in front; there you saw these miserable beings, half naked, with the hands of skeletons, fling themselves like madmen on the food as it appeared, and therewith groan and weep; it was enough to break one's heart to look at them. This place of pestilence was in fact but one large grave, occupied by the living. When one died, the others were compelled to bury him; poor wretches! they must have felt, as they did so, how utterly cast



away they were by mankind; they must have beheld in the frightful emaciated corpse, but an image of what they themselves, sooner or later, must come to! During the hard frost the infection made no perceptible progress, and people began now to abate somewhat of the rigour of the former rules; scarcely, however, had one damp night set in, ere the evil broke forth again, like a raging fire, and threatened to destroy every thing around it. Within a few days some hundred new cases of leprosy were counted; again, people began to flee one another as before; again were new executioners appointed, and those who, at the first sight of them, failed to repair instantly to the pest-house, were, as before, killed on the spot. The burghers themselves became executioners; wherever they met a leper they hunted him down like a dog, and believed themselves to be performing their strict duty.

My father denied his help to no one, and spent the whole day away from home, tending the sick in every direction, and here and there, in some happy instances, saving a sufferer from death. Much as he loved us all, our tears and prayers were not strong enough to keep him from entering the infected houses; he held it as a holy duty to fulfil his part as a physician, and to bid defiance to every danger, in the assistance of his fellow-creatures. Besides, as long as he made use of his own preventives, he believed himself beyond danger, in fearlessly encountering every possible chance in his daily visits. One evening, the accustomed hour of his return had long passed. My mother listened with a beating heart, trembling with anxiety and fear lest any evil had befallen him. Still she was silent, that she might not terrify us with her forebodings. I was busy with my sister Maria, teaching her to read, and thus we did not perceive how white her face grew, or how closely she listened to every noise that might have told of our father's coming. But so long a time elapsed, that at last Maria closed the book, and looking round astonished, asked, "But mother, where is our father?" My mother gave no answer, but the tears flowed fast from her eyes, she looked sadly at my sister, and drew her to her heart. I, for my part, imagined that my father must be spending the night at the bedside of some sufferer, and understood nothing of my mother's sorrow, although her tears brought mine to my eyes. But nothing that I could say would make any impression upon her; a secret presentiment told her of some terrible misfortune, and together she and my sister wept without ceasing until the morning. But when the sun rose without bringing my father, then I began also to have my fears and terrors. The cries of my mother and sister now filled the house; they tore their hair—rent their clothes with grief and dismay; but I stood, not knowing what to do, and no word of comfort could I think of to relieve them. At last I roused myself from my unconsciousness, and said I would go out and see what news, at least, I could obtain of my father. None of our friends could tell me any thing of him, no one had seen him during the previous day; in vain I walked through the whole of the city; there was no answer to my unceasing inquiries. About the afternoon I stood upon the bridge, and gazed despairingly on the running water, not knowing what I thought of, so much was I stupified by all I had passed through. From this painful dreamy state I was roused by several rough voices. Turning round, I beheld an unfortunate leper before me, driven along by the lances of the executioners. The loud complaints of the miserable wretch found an echo in my own heart. A feeling of compassion drew me after him, and for some time I followed him, without thinking whither he or I were going. In this manner we reached the gate leading to the open country. There I beheld the door of the lazaretto opened, the leper thrust in, and the door closed again, all in the deepest silence. With an aching heart I seated myself on the ground, and contemplated the spectacle of the lepers crowded together in the lazaretto. There I saw living corpses wandering about in close contact with death, how those comparatively free struggled to rid themselves from the neighbourhood of the infected; some rolling in dirt and putrefaction, and contending in mutual hatred.

Thus I lay, when suddenly the sound of my own name struck upon my ear. I uttered a cry of joy, for it was my father's voice; I started up, and looked around, but—oh, God!—what did I see? I felt as if struck by lightning. I laughed aloud, and then sunk back, almost without power of motion. How should I be able to describe what I felt at that moment? I had seen my father stand behind the iron railing

of the lazaretto. He—my father—lay there, buried alive—buried for ever—in that swarming pest-hole!

There are other tales of HENDRIK CONSCIENCE, which we shall, ere long, introduce to our readers; for the present, we imagine, this slight notice will call their attention to a writer fully deserving of their interest and approbation.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

##### On the Punishment of Death.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 523.]

WE turn to the argument of expediency, or necessity. Expediency alone can avail nothing against right; but if a plain necessity can be made out, it is but expressing a truism to say, we must yield. And here, again, too much has been assumed, and the advocates forget how much is to be proved. Expediency and necessity are confounded, and both stand upon fear, rather than fact. A man's opinion of what is best is taken as evidence of what is essential; and the fear of change grows easily into an idea of certain ruin whenever the change shall be made. The worst evils have always been predicted, at every instance of relaxation in the criminal code of any country. Yet in every country that code has been softened and abridged; England having reduced her capital offences from one hundred and sixty to nine, and practically, it is said, to one; and the people of our own country, even those opposed to the entire abolition of the punishment of death, demanding, and virtually requiring, that it be confined to murder alone. Yet it is assumed that to relax this last hold would be fatal; to take life for life is essential to the very life of society; that the murderer be put to death is a social universal necessity. This is said and repeated. But where is the proof? We have just given it; the proof is the assertion. There is no other. The alleged necessity is an opinion, and nothing more. So general an opinion has it been, and held by so many wise and good men, that it would ill become us to say it is without foundation. But we do say it is without proof. They who hold the opinion have a right to retain and declare it, but no right to insist that it makes out a case of necessity in favour of continuing the present law. They have not proved that which they assert. There is no "necessity," except in their associations and fears. These, we own, must often guide us, and define to us law and duty. But whether they may do this in the case of life and death is the single question. And we do say, if it be justly a part of all criminal law, that no jury shall pronounce a man guilty, while there is room for one reasonable doubt of his guilt, much more is it the duty of society to save life from that uncertain judgment and awful peril, while there is one "reasonable doubt" of the clear right and absolute necessity. This is not merely an equal, but a paramount duty, inasmuch as it is the first decision, on which all the rest depends, and which involves the whole responsibility. The community are bound to consider themselves the grand jury, whom God and their own act have made judges of the law, as well as the evidence. Blackstone has given us his opinion of the kind of evidence which alone should satisfy us. "To shed the blood of our fellow-creatures is a matter that requires the greatest deliberation, and the fullest conviction of our own authority; for life is the immediate gift of God to man; which neither he can resign, nor can it be taken from him, unless by the command or permission of him who gave it, either expressly revealed, or collected from the laws of nature or society, by clear and indisputable demonstrations.

There being no clear and indisputable demonstrations, we can only examine the reasons of an opinion, the grounds of assumption. These may all be reduced to

one. It will not be even assumed that there is any "necessity" for capital punishment, except on the principle of "self-defence." The principle of retaliation is forbidden and disclaimed. The principle of reparation has no place. All purpose of revenge is indignantly disowned; though, from the frequency and emphasis with which we hear it said that the murderer "deserves" to die, we might suspect it. Mr. Livingston tells us, that an exalted and excellent magistrate confessed to him, after yielding other points of defence, "that there was some little feeling of revenge at the bottom of his own opinion;" and we fear this is common. But we do not charge it. Even if it were so, and were right, it would not help the argument of necessity. Self-defence only can sustain that. The right of self-defence we admit, but we do not admit that it implies always the right of taking life. That, every one allows, depends upon the emergency. There are many modes of self-defence, and no individual may resort to the extreme mode hastily, however clear may seem to him the right of using it at all—still less, society. The cases are not even parallel; the individual kills his assailant, to save himself; society kills the murderer, to save—whom? Not the murdered man; he can be neither saved nor restored, nor can his loss be repaired by another loss. Nor can society save itself unless from the repetition of the outrage by the man himself, or by others. Here is the whole argument. It is the opinion and the assertion that there is "no other way" in which it is possible to prevent a murderer from repeating the offence, or deter others from the same. This also the advocates are bound to prove. And they never can prove it, except by trying other ways, and finding that they utterly fail. Is it not clear that, on all principles of natural right, abstract reason, or Christian law, men are bound to try other ways first, instead of last, or not at all, before assuming the ground of necessity, or even expediency?

We deny both the reasoning and the fact; and we pass now to the consideration of facts.

1. Capital punishment has not prevented murder. It has been often inflicted, it has slain its thousands and tens of thousands, and still its work goes on, and still its power is defied. No man can say that it has had power in proportion to its magnitude, or to that expectation which has been its defence. No man can say that it has done any good compared with the sacrifice of a single innocent life, even if we think nothing of the violent termination of a guilty life. Indeed, who can shew that it has done any good at all? It has not prevented murder. It has not lessened the number of murders. So many have they been that, had capital punishment been abolished, the frequency of crime would be ascribed to that. Seventy-two thousand persons were put to death in England in the single reign of Henry the Eighth, making two thousand a year. But instead of deterring or preventing others, the number of victims seemed but to provoke anew, as by the sight of fresh blood, the appetite for crime and murder. The whole history of England and of France gives the same lesson; and the history of all nations, it is believed, will sustain the remark of Beccaria:—"The countries and times most notorious for severity of punishments are always those in which the most bloody and inhuman actions, and the most atrocious crimes, were committed." The principle, indeed, that merciful laws afford more protection to society than severe, has the authority and express testimony of the first civilians in the world. By the strong voice of facts, the argument from self-defence is turned against the advocates of capital punishment. It has done its best and its worst for more than five thousand years. It has not abolished murder, or lessened the number of its victims. How much longer term is needed for trial?

2. Capital punishment has never been sure or equal. It has never been consistent with itself, or with the boast of its benefits. None of its advocates have tried or

trusted their own professions. They have set it forth as a divine commandment, and they themselves have violated it. They have declared that the good of society required it, and they have cheated society of half its blessings. They insist that every murderer forfeits his life, and they deliberately suffer half the convicted murderers to live. Always has it been so; never was the law uniformly executed. To go no farther back than our own era,—though, as we have seen, we may go back to the beginning of the world,—from the days of Pilate, who "was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would," murderers have been released in every age, at the demand of the people, or by the policy of rulers. We find recorded, as a single fact in a single land, and recorded by an opposer of the abolition of the death-penalty, that, "out of 23,700 persons, who were convicted of crimes of various grade made capital by the laws of England, from the year 1813 to 1833, not more than 933 were actually executed; presenting the remarkable spectacle of about twenty-five convicts reprieved from the gallows for every one actually executed." There is no certainty in this punishment. And certainly, not severity, is the admitted principle of power in all criminal jurisprudence. Not only is it true that certainty is better than severity, but it is the judgment of eminent jurists, confirmed by reason and fact, that the severer the penalty, the greater the uncertainty. We add, there is cruelty also. The law that is never sure must be always unequal, often grossly unjust; we mean, not unjust in reference to guilt, but in partiality and distinction. Let any one compare the many executions with the many pardons or commutations, and see if there be any justice, or pretence of justice, in half of them. Here is a double wrong. If the law be divine, the penalty righteous and salutary, men have not even a discretionary power, after proving the guilt. And when, disregarding this, they exercise not discretion, but caprice, policy, and passion, hanging a murderer to-day, and pardoning one to-morrow, and hanging the next lest two successive pardons be dangerous, and pardoning the next lest so many executions seem sanguinary, it is using a mild word to call it unjust. Such legislation is a bold and cruel mockery. It mocks itself, and common sense, and the people's safety, and the criminal's deserts, and the God of equal justice. It trifles fearfully with the sacredness of life, whether you take one side or other of the great question.

And be it noted, this terrible defect belongs to the very nature of the law. It is not accidental, it is not temporary or local. It is inherent, universal, and unavoidable. It grows out of the severity. Such a law cannot be uniformly executed. Neither the executioners, nor the people, who in fact are the executioners, will bear it. They will rather commit the most palpable inconsistencies. They will hang men, as they often have done, in the face of the pardoned convict, and pardon others within sight of the loaded gallows. Instances may be found along the whole line of blood; our own neighbourhood and the past year will furnish them. In Rhode Island, Gordon was executed within the very walls that held three murderers, convicted and undoubted murderers, whose sentences had been revoked, and their lives spared; while Gordon's brother, believed to be the instigator of the whole foul plot, has been twice tried without a verdict, and is now at large on bail. In Massachusetts, the recent execution of Barrett at Worcester, was followed by another murder within a few days, in sight of the very place of execution, and De Wolf was arrested, convicted, and condemned; but eight thousand voices called for mercy, and the sentence has been commuted. We rejoice in the result, but the consistency is another question. We rejoice that the life of Mercer was not taken; but that he should have been wholly unpunished, his high-handed murder actually applauded, and the advocates who had procured



his acquittal on the plea of insanity welcomed to the city with public and tumultuous acclamation of both sexes, is a melancholy proof of the impotence of the present law, and its gross injustice. Mercer was released and applauded in Philadelphia for murdering the seducer of his sister; Eager was condemned and hung in New York for murdering the seducer of his wife; and the difference between them was, that Mercer was conscious and proud of the act, Eager was intoxicated, and bitterly repented. We have no sympathy with an indiscriminate and reckless mercy. Mercy it is not, but cruelty, to the offender, to the injured, and to society. But we ask, whence comes it, and who are responsible? Has it no connection with the nature of the penalty? Can rulers and jurors be just in the eye of the law, if the law be not sustained by the community? Here is another wrong, inflicted upon another party. We require our jurors to be just, and our rulers to execute the law, and we ourselves render it all but impossible. Ten years ago Governor Everett made an appeal to the legislature of Massachusetts, on this very account; saying, "The law must be respected as well as obeyed, or it will not long be obeyed. A state of things which deprives the executive of the support of public sentiment, in the conscientious discharge of his most painful duty, is much to be deplored." It does not lessen the force of the argument, that this appeal had regard to other capital offences besides murder. The principle is the same, and the argument is strengthened so long as those other offences are retained as capital. It is a singular commentary on the criminal code of this good Commonwealth, that, while arson and burglary have been frequent occurrences, and robbery and rape not very rare, the penalty of death has seldom been executed upon them for thirty or forty years; while of murderers themselves more have been spared than hung. During this period, how many eyes have been wilfully shut, laws trampled upon, and criminals emboldened? Are these necessary evils? No; a different penalty might greatly diminish, if not wholly prevent, them. They belong to a law which never was equally enforced, which never can be made sure, but which, in its essence and unavoidable operation, is uncertain, unequal, and fearfully unrighteous.

If we look to England, the evidence of these evils becomes oppressive. It has compelled a constant mitigation of the bloody code through the last hundred years. The principle on which this change has been made belongs to every infliction of the death-penalty. It is the sense of injustice, or at least the fear of injustice, so strong as to disregard an oath rather than execute the law, and turn criminals loose upon society rather than punish them with extreme and irrevocable severity. Blackstone, in his day, protested against "so dreadful a list" of capital offences, and bore a testimony against them which has come in fact to apply to every one, murder not excepted. "Juries, through compassion, will sometimes forget their oaths, and either acquit the guilty or mitigate the nature of the offence; and judges, through compassion, will respite one half the convicts, and recommend them to the royal mercy." Every one knows what cunning and falsehood were resorted to, and perjury braved, to save offenders from the rigour of the law; as where a woman, convicted by her own confession of stealing much more than the law declared to be worthy of death, was found guilty of stealing but thirty-nine shillings, and thus saved. Of two persons indicted for stealing the same goods, one was found guilty of enough to hang him, and the other of so little that he was released. Such facts abound. Lord Suffield, speaking on this subject, said:—"He held in his hand a list of five hundred and fifty-five perjured verdicts delivered at the Old Bailey, in fifteen years, beginning with the year 1814, for the single offence of stealing from dwellings; the value stolen being, in these cases, sworn

above forty shillings, but the verdicts returned being 'to the value of thirty-nine shillings' only." Now an oath is an oath; and if men will violate it in one case, they will in another, where the same motives are addressed. Nor is this bare assertion. The known cases are not few, the unknown may be many, in which, by bold perjury, or crooked casuistry, or the aid of technicality, the guilt of murder has been changed to manslaughter, or no verdict rendered, or an acquittal given, or, at the worst, commutation, if not pardon, obtained.

And not jurors only, but the whole community, are similarly affected, and affect the entire administration of justice. It is always more difficult to convict after an execution than before. In a state of anarchy and times of savage ferocity, as during the Reign of Terror, the sight of blood may madden the populace, and they and their leaders call for quicker and quicker modes of wholesale slaughter. But where law is supreme, especially in our day and land, it is instructive to see the effect of a single death on the gallows. There is a silent, often ill-suppressed, breathing of either satisfied or sorrowful feeling. The next prisoner, though guilty of the same crime, perhaps involved in the same plot, cannot be so easily convicted. But then comes the injustice, and the dreadful accident. A long interval elapses, crimes are committed, and the people call for another example. The first offender is sure to be a victim. He has miscalculated; he has not watched the ebb and flow of the great tide. Not for the peculiarity of his offence, so much as for the peculiarity of his time, he must die. Not because many may follow his example, but because many have just been spared, he must die. He who follows him in the same career, though his purpose be formed at the foot of the gallows, and the fatal deed perpetrated before the revelling crowd disperse, will have a better chance of escape. This also is sustained by facts both in Europe and America. The whole difficulty of convicting and executing, whatever the offence, has long been admitted, and is constantly increasing. The law itself is constantly changing, and its changes shew how dreadful has been its injustice, as well as powerless its terror. It is found in England, that, since the year 1810, more than fourteen hundred persons have been executed for crimes which have now ceased to be visited with death. With us, the changes in the statute-book have been reluctantly made, but the changes in public sentiment are such as to annul the statute, or aggravate its injustice. Hundreds of jurors are summoned, to find twelve that can or will serve. And when they have served, and have found complete evidence of guilt, they sometimes, as in a case in Massachusetts not long ago, ask if they may bring in a verdict of manslaughter, but not being allowed, bring in a verdict of murder, with a petition for mercy.

Such are the obstacles and inconsistencies, such the uncertainty, inequality, and injustice of the present law of death. Whatever the causes, the facts are indisputable. They seem enough to prove the inefficacy of the punishment, and the necessarily bad effect upon the sentiment of reverence for law or life, and equally upon the temptations to crime and calculations of impunity. We leave it to sounder heads to judge of the principle which Livingston has laid down as one of the postulates of his famous code:—"The law should never command more than it can enforce. Therefore, whenever, from public opinion or any other cause, a penal law cannot be carried into execution, it should be repealed."

(To be continued.)

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

*Anecdotes of Dogs.* By EDWARD JESSE, Esq.  
London, 1846. Bentley.

"Love me love my dog." How happily the proverb intimates the social position of this friend and compa-



nion of man! Mr. JESSE is an enthusiast in all that relates to his favourite pursuit, the study of natural history; but more especially is he rapturous in praise of the dog. "Man," he says, "deprived of the companionship and services of the dog, would be a solitary, and in many respects a helpless, being." Were it not for his gallantry, he would give to the heroes of his volume the highest place in the affections of his fellow-man. "There is nothing on earth so agreeable or so necessary to the comfort of man as the dog,"—yes, there is something, one thing, just one degree more agreeable and more necessary,—with the exception of woman," politely interposes Mr. JESSE.

He is right. Few are the friendships that are not founded in interest as well as upon affection; at least, there are few whose ties would not be severed when interest pointed to an opposite path. But the dog is equally faithful in adversity as in prosperity; he loves his master for his own sake alone, and no temptation will induce him to part company. Society wars against dogs. They are taxed; they are muzzled; they are killed if found upon race-courses; they are shot if they stray into a park, or indulge their tastes in the hunt of an accidental rabbit or hare. Nevertheless, although discountenanced by collective man, the dog continues to enjoy the protection and encouragement of individual man. Neither parish beaules, nor tax-gatherers, nor frowning justices, can deter the poor man from sharing with his dog the meal that is scarcely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his own stomach. See the ragged rascal issuing from his wretched hovel, with that wiry-haired, keen-eyed, lank-ribbed terrier following at his heels, obedient to his every word, exuberantly happy when eyes or voice give token of approval, cowed and slunkened at the slightest symptom of displeasure. Wonder ye that this man loves this brute? It is the only friend he has in all the wide world, and the human heart, however degraded, must love, or it will break, and be loved, or it will despair. Therefore it is that the crust is shared with the companion, and that the frowns of justices and the rebukes of parish officers are disregarded; and, in defiance of them all, the man and his dog continue to dwell in poverty together.

Mr. JESSE could have found no great difficulty in collecting materials for such a volume as this, especially as he was not very discriminating in the selection. He has preserved, not only the results of his own observations, but whatever friends and correspondents have communicated, and, we suspect, the cuttings of remarkable cases that have appeared in the newspapers. These have formed together a very amusing and readable work, which will please old and young, gentle and simple, but which must be accepted with some demur, and a cautious scrutiny of the contents, when it is proposed to use it as an addition to the library of natural history.

With these preliminary remarks, let us turn to the pages of the work itself, and from its very nature it affords so much material for extract, that the difficulty lies in the choice of specimens, especially as our space is at this season considerably contracted by the pressure of new works. We must, therefore, be more brief than, from the citable character of this volume, we should have been at another time.

Mr. JESSE wavers between the doctrine that makes the dog an original species, and that which traces his descent from the wolf: but he inclines to the former.

The wolf, perhaps, has some claim to be considered as the parent animal, and that he is susceptible of as strong attachment as the dog is proved by the following anecdote related by Cuvier. He informs us, that a young wolf was brought up as a dog, became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing, and in particular followed his master everywhere, evincing evident chagrin at his absence, obeying his

voice, and shewing a degree of submission scarcely differing in any respect from that of the domesticated dog. His master being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the Menagerie du Roi, where the animal, confined in a den, continued disconsolate, and would scarcely eat his food. At length, however, his health returned, he became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten all his former affection; when, after an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, who had not perceived him amongst the crowd, recognized him, and exhibited the most lively joy. On being set at liberty, the most affectionate caresses were lavished on his old master, such as the most attached dog would have shewn after an absence of a few days. A second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow, which, however, again yielded to time. Three years passed, and the wolf was living happily in company with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again returned, and again the long-lost but still remembered voice was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, which were redoubled as soon as the poor animal was set at liberty, when, rushing to his master, he threw his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with the most lively joy, and menacing his keepers who offered to remove him, and towards whom, not a moment before, he had been shewing every mark of fondness. A third separation, however, seemed to be too much for this faithful animal's temper. He became gloomy, desponding, refused his food, and for a long time his life appeared in great danger. His health at last returned, but he no longer suffered the caresses of any but his keepers, and towards strangers manifested the original savageness of his species.

And again he says—

We dismiss the fox as an alien to the dog, or at all events as a distinct species. Then comes the claim of the wolf as the true original of the dog. Before considering this, let us revert to the question of what constitutes a species. Mr. Hunter was of opinion that it is the power of breeding together and of continuing the breed with each other; that this is partially the case between the dog and the wolf is certain, for Lord Clanbrassil and Lord Pembroke proved the fact beyond a doubt above half a century ago, and the following epitaph in the garden at Wilton House is a curious record of the particulars:—

Here lies Lupa,

Whose grandmother was a wolf,

Whose father and grandfather were dogs, and whose

Mother was half wolf and half dog.

She died on the 16th of October, 1783.

Aged 12 years.

Conclusive as this fact may appear, as proving the descent of the dog from the wolf, it is not convincing, the dog having characters which do not belong to the wolf. The dog, for instance, guards property with the strictest vigilance, which has been entrusted to his charge; all his energies seem roused at night, as though aware that that is the time when depredations are committed. His courage is unbounded, a property not possessed by the wolf: he appears never to forget a kindness, but soon loses the recollection of an injury, if received from the hand of one he loves, but resents it if offered by a stranger. His docility and mental pliability exceed those of any other animal; his habits are social, and his fidelity not to be shaken; hunger cannot weaken, nor old age impair it. His discrimination is equal, in many respects, to human intelligence. If he commits a fault, he is sensible of it, and shews pleasure when commended. These, and many other qualities which might have been enumerated, are distinct from those possessed by the wolf. It may be said that domestication might produce them in the latter. This may be doubted, and is not likely to be proved: the fact is, the dog would appear to be a precious gift to man from a benevolent Creator, to become his friend, companion, protector, and the indefatigable agent of his wishes. While all other animals had the fear and dread of man implanted in them, the poor dog alone looked at his master with affection, and the tie once formed was never broken to the present hour.

The genealogy dealt with, Mr. JESSE proceeds to narrate his anecdotes, and from these we shall select without regard to order.

## SAGACITY OF A SHEEP-DOG.

The owner of a sheep-dog having been hanged some years ago, for sheep-stealing, the following fact, among others respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence on his trial. When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his heel, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundreds. He then went away, and at the distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night-time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, till he overtook his master, to whom he relinquished them.

## THE CANINE POSTMAN.

At Albany, in Worcestershire, the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about half-a-quarter of a mile. The dog usually received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having, on one day only, neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog, on the arrival of the next mail, buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search.

As usual, the anecdotes of the Newfoundland dogs exhibit more of sagacity and seeming power of reason than those of other dogs. Here are

## THREE ANECDOTES OF NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and strongly shews the sense, and I am almost inclined to add reason, of the Newfoundland dog. A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water, when they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent their dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time. A gentleman had a pointer and Newfoundland dog which were great friends. The former broke his leg, and was confined to a kennel. During that time the Newfoundland never failed bringing bones and other food to the pointer, and would sit for hours together by the side of his suffering friend. During a period of very hot weather, the mayor of Plymouth gave orders that all dogs found wandering in the public streets should be secured by the police, and removed to the prison yard. Among them was a Newfoundland dog belonging to a shipowner of the port, who, with several others, was tied up in the yard. The Newfoundland soon gnawed the rope which confined him, and then hearing the cries of his companions to be released, he set to work to gnaw the ropes which confined them, and had succeeded in three or four instances, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the gaoler.

## AN UNCOMMON GROOM.

The extraordinary sense of a dog was shewn in the following instance. A gentleman, residing near Pontipool, had his horse brought to his house by a servant. While the man went to the door, the horse ran away, and made his escape to a neighbouring mountain. A dog belonging to the house saw this, and of his own accord followed the horse, got hold of the bridle, and brought him back to the door.

Here are some odd stories of what may be termed

## RELIGIOUS DOGS.

It is a curious fact that dogs can count time. I had, when a boy, a favourite terrier, which always went with me to church. My mother, thinking that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to fasten him up every Sunday morning. He did so once or twice, but never afterwards. Trim concealed himself every Sunday morning, and either met me as I entered the church, or I found him under my seat in the pew.

Mr. Southey, in his "Omians," informs us, that he knew

of a dog which was brought up by a Catholic, and afterwards sold to a Protestant; but still he refused to eat anything on a Friday.

Most wonderful of all is this anecdote of

## AN IRISH DOG.

A gentleman of an ancient family, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, from his having been engaged in the troubles which agitated Ireland about forty years since, went into a coffee-room at Dublin, during that period, accompanied by a noble wolf dog, supposed to be one of the last of the breed. There was only one other gentleman in the coffee-room, who, on seeing the dog, went up to him, and began to notice him. The owner, in considerable alarm, begged him to desist, as the dog was fierce, and would never allow a stranger to touch him. The gentleman resumed his seat, when the dog came to him, shewed the greatest pleasure at being noticed, and allowed himself to be fondled. His owner could not disguise his astonishment. "You are the only person," he said, "whom that dog would ever allow to touch him without shewing resentment. May I beg the favour of you to tell me your name?"—mentioning his own at the same time. The stranger announced it (he was the last of his race, one of the most ancient and noble in Ireland, and descended from one of its kings). "I do not wonder," said the owner of the dog, "at the homage this animal has paid you. He recognizes in you the descendant of one of our most ancient race of gentlemen to whom this breed of dogs almost exclusively belonged, and the peculiar instinct he possesses has now been shewn in a manner which cannot be mistaken by me, who am so well acquainted with the ferocity this dog has hitherto shewn to all strangers."

(To be continued.)

As a gentleman was entering Luton on Tuesday week, in a chaise, he was suddenly almost blinded by what appeared to be dust driven by a gale of wind. On a more minute examination, he found the annoyance was caused by an immense multitude of flies. They came in successive armies for the space of half a mile, and often flew with such violence against the face of the driver as to make it difficult for him to see his way. The fly was of the same general appearance as the common house-fly, but not more than the eighth of an inch in length.—*Bedfordshire Herald*.

A JUVENILE LAMBERT.—There is at present in the city of Glasgow a boy nine years of age, standing 4 feet 6½ inches. He measures round the chest 44½ inches; round the belt 46½; round the thigh 24; round the calf 16½; and turns the beam against 14 stone! His name is Kenneth McCaskil; is a native of the island of Soa, one of our western Archipelago, between Canna and Skye, in the direction of the Spar Cave, and brought hither by his father, who is in no affluent circumstances, for exhibition. The boy's sole language is the energetic language of Ossian.—*Scotch Paper*.

A WILD CHASE.—One of his lordship's conceptions (the late Lord Orford, the relative of the well-known Horace Walpole) was, that of training animals to purposes that nature never designed them for; and, if lions had been accessible in this country, he would probably have put a snaffle into the mouth of the forest king, and have trained him for hunting, unless his lordship had been devoured in the experiment. But his most notorious attempt of this order was a four-in-hand of stags. Having obtained four red deer of strong make, he harnessed them, and by dint of the infinite diligence which he exerted on all such occasions, was at length enabled to drive his four antlered coursers along the high road. But on one unfortunate day, as he was driving to Newmarket, a pack of hounds, in full cry after fox or hare, crossing the road, got scent of the track. Finding more attractive metal, they left the chase and followed the stags in full cry. The animals now became irrestrainable, dashed along at full speed, and carried the phaeton, and his lordship in it, to his great alarm, along the road at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Luckily they did not take their way across the country, or their driver's neck must have been broken. The scene was now particularly animating; the hounds were still heard in full cry; no power could stop the frightened stags; his lordship exerted his chariot-driving skill in vain. Luckily he had been in the habit of



driving to Newmarket. The stags rushed into the town, to the astonishment of everybody, and darted into the inn-yard. Here the gates were shut, and scarcely too soon, for in a minute or two after the whole dogs of the hunt came rushing into the town and roaring for their prey. This escape seems to have cured his lordship of stag-driving; but his passion for coursing grew only more active, and the bitterest day of the year he was seen mounted on his piebald pony, and, in his love of the sport, apparently insensible to the severities of the weather; while the hardest of his followers shrank, he was always seen, without great coat or gloves, with his little three-cocked hat facing the storm, and evidently insensible to every thing but the performance of his hounds. His lordship was perhaps the first man who was ever made mad by country sports, though many a man has been beggared by them; and none but fools will waste their time on them. His lordship at length became unquestionably mad, and was put under restraint. At length, while still in confinement, and in a second access of his disorder, having ascertained, by some means or other, that one of his greyhounds was to run a match for a large sum, he determined to be present at the performance. Contriving to send his attendant from the room, he jumped out of window, saddled his piebald pony with his own hands, all the grooms having gone to the field, and, there being no one to obstruct him, suddenly made his appearance on the course, to universal astonishment. In spite of all entreaties he was determined to follow the dogs, and galloped after them. In the height of the pursuit he was flung from his pony, fell on his head, and instantly expired.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**NOVEL EXPORT.**—Singing birds have recently become a very profitable export to the West-Indian Islands, where they command very high prices. On Saturday, the *Chanticleer* received 173 canaries, males, goldfinches, and linnets, for the Jamaica market. Many of the birds are exported in breeding-cages, and their eggs sent with them.

### THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inn, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

**AN ADVENTURE IN CHINA.**—The following are extracts from a letter by the chief engineer of one of the war steamers at present on the coast of China to his friends in Edinburgh:—"Whampoa, Jan. 26, 1846.—The last instalment of the Chinese ransom money (2,000,000 dollars) was paid in Canton last week. The inhabitants being in a riotous state, we were ordered from Hongkong up the river to lie abreast of Canton, and I believe to fire into the city in case of their attempting to burn the factories. We remained there eight days, every man on board under arms, as we expected every night an attack from the populace, who seem to have the most bitter enmity towards Europeans. The money was all paid, however, and the rioting having partially subsided, we were ordered away, at which I was just as well pleased, having got tired of my bedfellows, no other than a pair of loaded pistols and a drawn cutlass. Engineers were ordered to lie under arms, as well as every one else on board. We have since taken up our station here, which is twenty miles further down the river than Canton, and about sixty from Hongkong. The scenery in this place being most beautiful, and yesterday feeling inclined to enjoy it in a walk through the country, I took a boat and one of my apprentices with me, and, thinking I might find some game, I took my gun also. We sailed up a small creek, and, leaving the boy to take charge of the boat, I, with the gun in my hand, walked into the country. I had not gone a quarter of a mile, when, on approaching a small village, the people came towards me about thirty or forty in number. They began hooting and crying at me, which is the usual way they have of treating us "barbarians" when they get a lone one unprotected; and, as they kept pressing round me closely, I thought it useless to persevere in going forward. Therefore, turning myself round to go back to the boat, one from behind made a sudden spring, grasping in his arm both my legs under the knees, and another seizing the barrel of my

gun, they dragged me to the ground. The latter kept pulling at the gun, trying to wrest it from me, all the while the mazzle pointing to his breast. The gun being at the time in full cock, I had his life completely in my power; my first thought was, "I will take it;" the second was, "If I do so, mine will certainly pay the penalty." In the meantime another was striking at me with a stick, and I was compelled to relinquish my hold of the gun to defend my face with my arms; the fellow now in possession of the gun wielding it as if to strike me on the head with the butt end. I cannot tell you how I felt, every instant expecting a death-blow. It was very strange that at that moment the picture of the death of Captain Cook, in the volume of his voyages in my father's bookcase, came vividly before my eyes—their gestures and appearance were altogether quite as savage-like. Before the blow came, I managed to spring to my feet, and attempted to keep them back, unarmed as I was. They then desisted, and went into the village, taking with them my gun, hat, powder-flask—in fact, all my property. I was completely fleeced, my clothes were torn to pieces, the pockets and their contents torn away from my coat. Glad I was, I can assure you, when I saw their backs turned; and, walking on towards the boat, I saw them assembling again, as if to intercept me. Now, thought I, they are going to have a shot at me—this is another ordeal; but presently the gun went off in the middle of them, and I felt relieved so far, as it is very likely some of them were hurt. The savages are quite ignorant of the use of a gun, and one of them may have been looking into the barrel, for all I know to the contrary. My troubles did not end here; for on reaching the spot where I left the boat I found both it and the boy gone. I saw, however, two Chinese in a boat, and promised them money if they would take me across the creek. I went into their boat, and finding in one of my pockets two rupees, which the late robbers had missed, I gave them to them; they then wanted more, and, having me a prisoner in their boat, made motions as if they were going to search me, upon which I made an attempt to throw one of them overboard. They desisted, and landed me on the other side. I know the villains only wanted a few more to help them; they don't consider the odds in their favour, two against one European. I then walked along the banks of the river for a long distance, until I discovered another boat, the people in which I persuaded by promises to take me to my ship. It turned out that the boy I had left in the boat had been plundered by another party of everything but his shirt and trousers, and was glad to escape with his life. He had returned to the vessel, telling the officers that he thought I was murdered, and they immediately sent an armed boat's crew in search of me. I wanted the captain to give me another boat with armed men, and I would go and burn the village; but he said he could not take so much upon himself. At the time of the war such a thing might have been done, and frequently was for far less cause. He tells me he will report it to the Admiral, who will most probably take notice of it through the Chinese authorities. You may depend upon it the Chinese will pay dearly yet for the way they have been going on lately. Since this occurred, I heard of several Europeans having been maltreated quite as ill and worse than me in this neighbourhood. Only this morning an American boat's crew was attacked by these savages, but they broke their oars into cudgels, and beat them off. Mr. S— told me that he and two missionaries were nearly killed in the same way; they were severely beaten with sticks, robbed, and their clothes torn to pieces."—*Scotsman.*

### ART.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

EVER since its establishment, this society has steadily, and, in truth, deservedly grown in favour with the public. Affecting chiefly historical, imaginative, and sentimental subjects, its members, from the first, adopted the surest course to success, by avoiding all challenge of rivalry with the Old Society, and offering to the public a class of works for which it had been silently concluded water pigments were unequal; and that, therefore, gave a distinctive character to their gallery. Successive years



have consolidated the reputation of the society, and this season's exhibition will go far to extend it. Not only does it afford a larger number of imposing and high-class works than usual, but the average merit is greater—the exhibition is more equal than we heretofore remember it. In variety of talent, and consequently of subjects, the New has an obvious advantage over the Old Society, though the brilliancy of genius for landscape rests undoubtedly with the latter.

Mr. WEHNERT, whose works are at once the most imposing and successful in the Gallery, has this year greatly surpassed every thing he had produced before. His fine pictures, *Wyckliffe defying the Mendicant Friar*, and *The Providential Escape of the Emperor Henry IV.* (which will be noticed in their proper order) are triumphant examples of the force, richness, and truth which may be attained in water colours. Mr. CORBOULD offers two works only, *Christ raising the Daughter of Jairus*, and *The Welcome of Henry VI. into London*, which latter is a transcript into colour of his cartoon exhibited at the competition for the Art-Union prize some months ago. Of these the first is the best. Mr. HAGHE's chief picture is *Rubens painting the Chapeau de Paille*, a subject congenial to his genius, and which he has treated in a very masterly and successful manner. Of Mr. WARREN's pictures, which are all clever, perhaps the best is *King Alfred in the Swineherd's Cottage*. His *Palsied Man Healed* has too little of originality to be pleasing. On the whole, we think Mr. WARREN shows no advance, if he even maintains his position in the society. Mr. ABSOLON sends several of his refreshing and delightful pictures, all distinguished by the proprieties of sentiment, colour, and expression which usually characterize his productions. His *Thread the Needle*, for true rustic feeling and character, deserves the warmest commendation. Mr. ARCHER sends some clever works, but fewer than we could wish of those broadly-coloured and freely-handled representations of places famous in history or by associations, and which no living artist can invest with such happy sentiment and truth of colour as he can. Mr. DUNCAN and Mr. CALLOW send some ably painted sea views; the former is more and the latter less meritorious this year than usual. Mr. PENLEY, Mr. MAPLESTON, Mr. D'EGVILLE, and Mr. JUTSUM send severally some attractive and skilfully painted landscapes; a Miss MARY MARGETTS contributes some flower-pieces of rare merit, and that give promise of even higher excellence in works to come. Lastly, in our summary we give mention to Mr. JENKINS, whose felicity of composition, sentiment, and expression, always remarkable, shines out this season with uncommon lustre. His charming picture, *Watteau shewing his sketch-book*, though less happy in colour than several of the works he here exhibits, surpasses them, we think, in feeling and expression, and must be greatly admired.

The sales, we are gratified to learn, have, up to this period, exceeded those on any former occasion since the establishment of the society.

We now proceed to notice in detail such of the works as space and opportunity permit.

No. 4. *Arundel, Sussex*. J. W. ARCHER.—Here is a picturesque subject so treated as to add considerably to its interest. The fine castle of the Howards, with the adjacent ruins on a commanding eminence, forms a noble feature in the middle ground. The plain is spacious and airy; and the figures, advancing towards the town, are appropriate in character, and spiritedly put in. We have never seen the luminous effect produced by the refraction of sunlight in a shower so accurately represented as it is here.

No. 9. *Roger Wildrake's first interview with Cromwell*. W. H. KEARNEY.—An ineffective and common-place production. The Cromwell is neither the Cromwell whom history by character, nor portraiture by imitation, has passed down

to us. The composition, which is not good, is nevertheless the best part of the work. The expression of the lady is lackadaisical in the extreme; the drawing of her left arm wretched; the cast of the drapery ungraceful. If Mr. KEARNEY has no greater aptitude for the imaginative than he has here shewn, he had far better content himself with a less ambitious walk of art.

No. 17. *Rustall Common, Tunbridge Wells*. FANNY STEERS.—An accurate representation of an effect common at noon-day. The shadow over the woods and homestead in the middle ground is clear, cool, and transparent, and assists much the foreground, which, with its group of recumbent cattle quietly ruminating in the sun-light, is vividly and truthfully painted.

No. 21. *The arrival at a dried up well in the desert*. H. WARREN.—This is a kind of subject which Mr. WARREN delights in. It represents an Arab giving vent to his distress on finding the hopefully sought well waterless; beside the stone lies his famished camel; another Arab supporting a fainting child on a camel is coming eagerly forward and anxiously demanding water. Not having been in the East, we cannot speak to the accuracy of the effects. There is a scorching haze in the picture, but no atmosphere; and the foreground is obscure and carelessly finished.

No. 24. *Ruined Castle in the Gulf of Policastro*. J. H. D'EGVILLE.—A forcibly painted and artistically managed landscape. The colour has been finely floated in, and is truthful to nature. The poplars on the river bank stand out forcibly against the sky, which sheds down a fullness of morning light through the landscape.

No. 28. *Bridge on the Glasslynn, near Beddgelert*. THOMAS LINDSAY.—This is altogether a failure. The sky, with an effect of passing shower, could scarcely be worse, and every hue of the rainbow may be found in the landscape. Mr. LINDSAY, if he has naturally a dull eye for nature, should go to some one who can give him a lesson in tone.

No. 36. *Ruins of Roman Therme*. J. H. D'EGVILLE.—A pleasing subject, happily invested with classic feeling. The repose of the scene is preserved by the absence of action, and of violent colour; the erosion of decay is exactly conveyed in the ruined columns, and there is abundance of atmosphere and warmth through the picture.

No. 38. *A Pastoral Scene*. E. DUNCAN.—This is a misnomer; it is a rustic, not a pastoral scene. Overhead, throughout the picture, everywhere but through a glade that contains a pool, beyond which, on a low horizon, is a village spire, are interlacing willows; a group of cattle and four figures complete the composition. The glowing sun-light streams in level rays through the picture, heightened by the cool shadows of the willows, and one looks far through the vistas of the trees along the level ground. This is a clever landscape.

No. 48. *George Fox, Founder of the Society of Friends*. E. H. WEHNERT.—This work represents GEORGE FOX, then but nineteen, in his workshop, under a fervour of enthusiasm. The expression is good, but the effect of the work is weakened by the unnatural and uncomfortable position which the figure takes. His knees are partly bent, and sustained by his work-bench, yet he neither wholly kneels nor stands. The proportions, too, are gigantic; if upright, the figure would be nearly, if not quite, of seven feet stature.

No. 50. *Baggage-wagon attacked by Hussars*. G. B. CAMPION.—There is much bad drawing, and great want of artistic government, in this battle piece. The figures, moreover, have neither intense earnestness nor hurried action, which such a scene must always give birth to.

No. 54. *A Tiff*. JOS. J. JENKINS.—This, for sentiment, grace, and beauty of form, is remarkable. It represents a handsome young lady and gentleman in the picturesque costume of a century ago, expressing their differences of opinion on chairs back to back. The action of the gentleman, who gives vent to his thoughts with an indignant jerk of the glove over his head, and the expression of the young lady, assist greatly the sentiment of the picture. The colouring is pure, and the finish extremely delicate.

No. 62. *Rubens painting the Chapeau de Paille*. L. HAGHE.—The largest and best of Mr. HAGHE's works this year exhibited. The subject is explained by the title, and the scene is laid where the event took place, in the pavilion of the princely painter's garden at Antwerp. We have only to add

that the composition and grouping are admirable, and no less so are the variety, harmony, and oppositions of colour. There is a courtly grace and a dignity about the figures; the drawing is unexceptionable; and never, perhaps, were textures of satins, silk, and linen so exquisitely imitated as here.

No. 70. *Rhododendrons and Azaleas*. MARY MARGETTS.—Finely painted groups are these. The semi-transparent petals of the rhododendrons, and the rich reflected light in their calices are given most faithfully.

No. 71. *Paris: the Gallery of the Louvre, seen from the Pont des Arts*. THOMAS S. BOYS.—We have here Paris represented under one of its least inviting aspects, a gloomy, cloudy day. The unsightly angular lines of the swimming-baths in the river render this an unfit point of view for a picture. There is, however, an air of truth, both in colour and form, that give merit and authenticity to this drawing.

No. 78. *Thread the Needle*. JOHN ABSOLON.—There is in this work a genuine air of rustic enjoyment—a propriety of character, action, costume, and colouring, that are quite enchanting. It represents a group of peasants diverting themselves on a grass plot near a lake with "thread the needle," while an aged man plays on that now rare instrument the English flute. The boisterous hilarity of the stalwart young men, the uncontrolled enjoyment of the buxom lasses, as they whirl along through the game, are ably represented. The picturesqueness of line and originality of the figures, and the fresh breezy atmosphere that fills the landscape, must not be overlooked in particularising the excellencies of this covetable picture.

No. 83. *Mavourneen, Mavourneen*. F. W. TOPHAM.—There is genuine nature in the group of the mother watching her sleeping child, and the artist has been most felicitous in colour. The accessories, however, require, in some places, to be better defined.

No. 91. *The Wormshead, South Wales*. E. DUNCAN.—Beyond doubt one of the ablest as well as the most admired sea-views in the gallery. The foreground gives a sloping beach, with glassy waves rushing rapidly along it; a few small rocks and pools of pellucid water, over which hover a couple of sea-gulls. In the middle ground is the hull of a wrecked vessel lying on the sands, and a crowd of people rescuing property as they best may. On the horizon, from out of the blue sea rises majestically the picturesque promontory "The Wormshead." For force and truth of colour, freshness and fullness of air, and a judicious management of light and shade, this work is highly commendable.

No. 100. *Wyckliffe defying the Mendicant Friars*. E. H. WEHNERT.—A most impressive and masterly production. It represents Wyckliffe rising from a sick bed, and energetically rebuking the friars, who, believing him to be near death, thought it a favourable time for obtaining a recantation of the writings he had published against them. Wyckliffe is restrained in his vehemency by a girl, whose youth and beauty contrast finely against the anxious and aged actors who surround, and redeem the work from a severity which would otherwise be almost repulsive. This work has all the force and transparency of oils. The conception is bold, the composition skilful, and the colour superior to that of most of Mr. Wehnert's works. The gestures of the friars we think a little extravagant; no surprise nor dismay which such a rebuke could reasonably be expected to call up would give rise to the violent action the foremost figures exhibit.

No. 113. *Two Days after the Wreck. A Calm. Approaching Evening*. AARON P. PENLEY.—A richly coloured sea-view that will be much admired. The flat glassy ocean recedes finely, and reflects back the glow of yellow light from an evening sky with the accuracy of nature. The breadth and repose of the scene are remarkable; and by no means disturbed by the picturesquely grouped waggons and horses with men loading kegs in the margin of the waters. We think the headland on the right a little too vague; it would bear with improvement a stronger colour.

No. 127. *East-Indianman with Troops coming to Anchor at Spithead*. THOMAS S. ROBINS.—If the sky of this sea view were but equal in merit to the ocean beneath it, this would be the most successful work of the kind in water-colours we ever examined. The boats and vessels are admirably painted, and the turbulent waves with light refracted through their curling tops have the reality of nature.

No. 128. *View of the Wye, near Rhayader*. A. PENLEY.

—A romantic subject properly treated. The effects are finely thrown in; the water is flat, fluent, and reflective, the foliage of the trees characteristic and well massed, but their boles are too straight and formal. With the most delicate finish the artist has succeeded in preserving the breadth which we find in nature.

No. 132. *Christ Raising from Death the Daughter of Jairus*. EDW. H. CORBOULD.—This work is one of the finest in the exhibition. Each figure is a masterly study of itself; that of Christ is extremely fine. Their combination is not so successful. The lines of the kneeling disciple and the woman on the left are too much of the same inclination, and these figures do not by any means balance those standing on the opposite side of the picture, which produces a disagreeable effect. The expression is of the happiest; and the colouring unexceptionable.

No. 141. *Le Retour au Village*. JOSEPH J. JENKINS.—This represents a soldier returning to his native village weary and thoughtful. It is of an exquisite finish, and has a delightful colouring.

No. 151. *Hunting Scene*. G. H. LAPORTE.—The most ill-drawn, confused, and crude work by this artist we have ever seen.

No. 166. *The welcome of the Bry-Kings, Henry VI. into London after his Coronation at Paris*. EDWARD H. CORBOULD.—This large and comprehensive picture shews to far less advantage in colour than it did in the cartoon, which we noticed some months ago in this journal. Its chief defect is a want of subordination in the grouping to one centre; next to this the distribution of light and shade is such as to confuse the figures. The composition, as regards the mere lines, is often good, but the whole has too much an air of academy study to be agreeable.

No. 184. *Interior of the Brewers' Corporation Room at Antwerp*. L. HAGHE.—A remarkably good interior. The composition is effective and pleasing; the figures introduced are appropriate to the place, and the colour is extremely forcible and true.

No. 194. *Watteau shewing his sketch-book*. JOSEPH J. JENKINS.—Equally for beauty of the figures and for sentiment a covetable work. The young painter reclines at the foot of two lovely girls, who, seated beneath a birch tree, are looking at his drawings.

No. 210. *Providential escape of Henry IV. Emperor of Germany*. E. H. WEHNERT.—This masterly picture embodies the historical record that the emperor when at Rome narrowly escaped death from the hands of an assassin hired by his enemies. The assassin watched in the roof of a small chapel on Mount Aventino, at Rome, where the emperor daily went to pray. There he had concealed a large stone, in attempting to hurl which upon the emperor, he overbalanced himself, fell, and broke his own neck at the emperor's feet. The surprise and alarm of Henry are conveyed with wonderful fidelity. The drawing, anatomy, force, spirit, and happy colour of this fine and impressive work are beyond praise.

No. 233. *Interior of the Hall of Justice, Bruges*. JOHN CHASE.—A finely painted spacious interior. Though difficult to manage, the perspective is faultless. The richly carved ceiling, and the niches and figures in the wainscoting, and over the chimney-piece are clearly painted, and the whole is most delicately pencilled.

No. 248. *Muscle Gatherers, Swansea Bay*. E. DUNCAN.—Here is a veritable reflection of nature. The receding ocean, the flat, wet, glistening sands, with their light, reflecting pools of water, are perfection itself. The effect is one of noon-day, with a bar of white clouds which casts a shadow on the scene beneath. This is one of the most desirable works in the gallery.

No. 267. *On the Rhine, near Stolzenfels*. JAMES FAHEY.—A picturesque subject very appropriately treated. The white clouds float lazily in the summer air. There are light and space and atmosphere in abundance; the figures are cleverly put in, unaffectedly composed, and are appropriate to the scene in which they appear.

No. 283. *The Village Spring*. WILLIAM LEK.—At first glance we took this for a work by ABSOLON, so like him is it in sentiment and colour. It shews a charming country girl with a pitcher. The attitude is unrestrained and even graceful, the flesh tones are clear and warm, the textures are most



accurate, and the back ground is floated in with a sure, yet free and characteristic pencil.

Our notice of the Royal Academy will be resumed next week.

**SALE OF PICTURES.**—The collection of Monsieur Duval of Geneva, was brought on Tuesday to Mr. Phillips's hammer. Some of the pictures fetched great prices. A "Karel du Jardin" brought 1,150*l.* to a private purchaser, who also bought a single head (one of those wonders of elaborate finish for which Denver stands, and ever will perhaps stand, alone) for 490*l.* "The Pleasure Party," by Weenix, so well known from Delauney's engraving, was disposed of for 393*l.* odd. A "Watteau," consisting of several figures in theatrical costume, fell to a dealer for 210*l.* and a Rembrandt, from the Winckler collection, was bought by another gentleman connected with the trade, for 204*l.*

### MUSIC.

**MISS STEELE'S CONCERT.**—So accomplished a vocalist, and so well known and so highly respected a teacher of music as Miss Steele is sure to draw round her a crowd of friends at her annual concert. The Hanover-square Rooms were accordingly thronged on Monday evening last, and the company was entertained with a variety of the choicest vocal and instrumental music performed by the Misses Birch, Rainforth, and Williams; Mdme. Pasini, Mdme. F. Lablache, Signor F. Lablache, Messrs. Calken, Locket, Machin, and John Parry. Mdle. Dulcken was, as usual, brilliant upon the pianoforte, and Sivori charmed the audience with his wonderful power over the violin. The band was led by Cook. Altogether it was a very agreeable evening.

**DRAGONETTI.**—The following graphic description of the character and personal peculiarities of the unrivalled contrabassist is extracted from a memoir of his life, written by one of his old and intimate friends, which has appeared in the *Scotsman*:—"In person Dragonetti was of middle height; in-kneed; of a pale and grave countenance. We never saw him laugh, and his marble features seldom relaxed into a smile. When he became interested in the music he was playing, his eye became animated, and shed a strange brassy gleam, reminding one of Dante's Charon 'around whose eyes glared wheeling flames.' He generally spoke in a low tone, and with hesitation, for his vocabulary was a strange mixture of three or four languages and several dialects, so that it was not easy to understand him. Indeed, his hearers might suppose they heard Rabelais' 'Ouydire' with 'even tongues and languages,' or (as in *Hudibras*) 'Cerbe: as himself pronounce a leash of languages at once.' His voice was guttural, and he used to fill up the pauses in his speech by a deep 'Ha!' and a significant nodding of his head. When in good humour, he used to tell droll stories, which, to those who could follow him, became doubly diverting from the imperturbable gravity with which he narrated them. They were sometimes of the *La Fontaine* order. His manner was unpolished, but sincere; and he never disguised his likings or his dislikings. He had great kindness of heart, and was a true and steady friend. He had no vicious habits; and even in the most convivial parties we never saw him intoxicated. Though in the main attentive to economy, he was by no means parsimonious. When he gave a dinner party, as occasionally he did to brother artists, and noble and gentle amateurs, he did so in a princely style. He was liberal in his aid to many of his distressed countrymen; but privately and unostentatiously. The rooms he generally occupied presented a perfect chaos of music, musical-instruments, books, prints, pictures, snuff-boxes, &c. On calling upon him one day some years ago, we saw a number of large dressed dolls seated upon a sofa in his room; one of them a negro doll. He said to us, 'These are my children; they are just come from school, and you see they are very quiet.' He used to call his favourite double-bass 'his wife.' Of his merits as an artist it is impossible to speak too highly, as every one who heard him and is capable of judging will freely confess. He was one of the older school of thoroughly trained Italian artists; a school of which few vestiges now remain." Rumours are abroad that the property of this eminent musi-

cian is not nearly so large as was anticipated—five thousand pounds being much nearer the mark than five-and-twenty thousand. The bulk of what property there is, is left to a sister—if she can be found; and the legacies to friends and acquaintances are chiefly in the shape of music, instruments, &c. It seems the old man squandered his means in the accumulation of curious rubbish to which no sort of money value can be attached by his executors.

**MR. GEORGE ONSLOW, THE COMPOSER.**—Mr. Onslow's visit is creating much interest in the private musical circles of the metropolis. Unfortunately, it will be a very short one, and will not lead to any introduction to the public of a composer who has added as much to the gratification of real musicians as any of his contemporaries. Mr. Onslow is, we believe, a gentleman of fortune, to whom music is an amusement, more than a designed source of pecuniary advantage, but his works must have paid well, as those for the pianoforte and his quartets and quintets for stringed instruments are in the hands of amateurs of taste all over Europe. We had an opportunity lately, at the house of M. Scipion Rousselot, of hearing a new quintet (No. 27), and a new quartet (No. 36), which are just printed, and possess a masculine vigour which few artists retain at an advanced period of life. Mr. Onslow's great delight is in marked contrasts—in alternate extreme piano and forte—and he thus obtains a grandeur almost unknown in chamber music. As a harmonist, (though probably he never studied Albrechtsberger) he is singularly pure and intelligible, yet gives us combinations which are as original as they are beautiful. In fine, he possesses in remarkable perfection the two great qualities so essential to all good musical composition, in never suffering the ear to fall when dwelling on his passages, and of sustaining the spirit of his movements to the end, making the conclusion even more brilliant and striking than all which preceded. Mr. Onslow, who is related to the English noble family of that name, was born in France, but visited England quite in his infancy, where he remained for seven or eight years, since which he has resided wholly on the continent; so that, as he himself remarked,—"You may call me an Englishman or a Frenchman, which you will." He speaks English with a little of foreign accent, but perfectly well.

**MUSICAL GOSSIP.**—Vieuxtemps has just been honoured with a most lucrative appointment as premier violinist to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, but he will pay us another farewell visit this season, and his arrival is expected by the 15th inst.—Miss Anne Farmer, sister of Miss Dinah Farmer, the well-known pianist, died lately, greatly lamented by her family and friends.—Madame Pleyel, the distinguished pianist, arrived in London on Wednesday morning, by the *Triton* steamer from Ostend.—At the foot of his last *matinée* programme, Mr. Moscheles announced for Wednesday, June 17, his grand farewell concert, for vocal and orchestral compositions, in the Hanover-square Rooms. So interesting an event can hardly fail of inducing the presence of every amateur and artist of distinction in the country, who will thereby be able to testify his regard for the admirable musician who is about to quit us for ever. The influence of Mr. Moscheles' sojourn amongst us has been of such unquestionable benefit to the art, of which he is one of the most brilliant ornaments, his character as a man, no less than an artist, has won for him such high and unanimous esteem, that we are sure his fellow artists will not allow him to depart, without offering him some token of their feelings towards him, which may serve as a grateful memorial of his residence in England, and as a guarantee that the country which was so long adopted by him is not deficient in gratitude for undeniable benefits conferred, in respect for a great and conscientious artist, and in esteem towards a worthy and amiable man.—*Musical World*.

**MADAME PERSIANI, SALVI, AND RONCONI.**—These three great artists have created a great *furor* in Madrid. They appeared in Donizetti's *Lucia*. The prodigious execution, the exquisite gusto, admirable voz, and *método de canto* of Persian, are dwelt upon at great length by the rapturous Spanish critics, and her intelligent and distinguished style of acting excited equal admiration. The effect she produced is stated to be indescribable—it was quite a delirium of excitement. She had to appear three consecutive times to appease the public clamour. Salvi, the tenor, had to contend with reminiscences of Rubini and Moriani in *Edgar*, but his triumph



was complete; as a singer he was found to be far preferable to the latter, although he could not eclipse the glories of the former. Ronconi's genius is declared to be unrivalled.

Tamburini has arrived in Brussels from St. Petersburg, on his way to Paris.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**DRURY-LANE.**—The *danseuses* *Viennaise*, pupils of Madame Weiss, are delighting the company at Drury-lane by the grace and precision of their movements, and their picturesque grouping. No person should omit to witness this, which to our taste is the most charming spectacle at present to be seen in the metropolis. Mad. THILLON has almost completed her engagement; but there is to be no lack of novelty to supply her place. New pieces are in preparation to close the season with *éclat*.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—A new piece was brought out here on Wednesday evening, called *La Marquise de Rhinzaw*, in which, as the heroine, Mlle. ROSE CHERI, if possible, exceeds in perfection any of her performances as yet witnessed by us. She is married to a man twice her own age, the *Marquise de Rhinzaw*, a friend of her father's. The *Marquise*, notwithstanding the disparity of ages, has, by his exalted character and his affection for herself, completely won her esteem, which, unfortunately, is all she has to bestow, having long before given her love to her cousin, *George de Siorg*, nephew of the *Marquise*, who, to escape the sentence awarded to him for having shared in a duel, has caused it to be reported that he is dead. In the end the generous old Marshal discovers the state of affairs, solicits and obtains the King's pardon for his nephew, and completes his happiness (having secretly annulled his own marriage with her) by uniting him to *Marceline*. The part of *Marceline la Marquise de Rhinzaw*, as well as the performance of the same, is one of the most delightful we were ever present at. Mlle. CHERI was cleverly supported by LAFONT and DUMORY. She will appear on Friday in three characters: the first being *Genevieve*, in the vaudeville of the same name; the second, as *Therese Gauthier*, in a new piece called *La Mere de Famille*; and, lastly, as *Angelique*, in another new piece, entitled *Angelique, au l'Epreuve Nouvelle*.

**PRINCESS'S.**—On Monday the deservedly favourite drama of *Don Cesar de Bazan* was followed by a new divertissement, in which Mr. GILBERT, Mr. MARSHALL, Miss BULLEN, and Miss MARSHALL, all displayed their eminent talents. Miss MARSHALL is one of the sweetest little dancers we have, not to forget her acting, which is consummately artistic. The performance of *Lazziello*, in *Don Cesar*, is one of the most pleasing we have witnessed; and who has not been fascinated with her impersonation of the *Foot to MACREADY'S Lear*? We have no one so fitted for the place left vacant by poor CLARA WEBSTER'S death as this lady. Miss BULLEN dances as gracefully as ever, and is looking, if possible, younger than ever. She is one of the most expressive, the most dramatic of *danseuses*. Mr. GILBERT and Mr. MARSHALL, as usual, filled their parts with thorough mastery. The former gentleman's instantaneous subsidence into immobility, after the most vigorous pirouetting, is perfectly astonishing to the uninitiated. In the course of the interlude, the burlesque dancer, the flexible FLEXMORE, elaborated a grotesque extravaganza. The feats of this artist are most featy, and his irresistible drollery is evinced by the roar of laughter in which he puts the audience the whole time he is on the stage. He is truly a formidable rival to the ingenious W. H. PAYNE. Albeit, somewhat foreign to our purpose at present, we cannot resist mentioning the effective acting of Miss MAY, in the drama called *Ernestine*. This lady, though so young in her profession, is rapidly progressing towards an eminent position upon the English boards. She is full of earnestness and nature, in which attractive features she has an excellent model always before her in the person of Mrs. STIRLING, whom we look upon as the best actress on the English stage.

**ADELPHI.**—A new piece was brought out here on Monday evening, called *Who did it? or, What's in the Wind?* It is written for WRIGHT and Miss WOOLGAR, and although somewhat extravagant, as all Adelphi farces are, irresistibly laughable. *Vandyke Brown*, an artist, having by his jealous temperament offended his beloved *Ramona Percitt*, must needs commit a feigned suicide in the Regent's Canal, sending his *Ramona* an account of it in *The Daily News*. Meantime, his handwriting being recognized by the police as one and the same with that of the missive sent to *Ramona*, he is proved as his own murderer, is tracked to the roof of his own house, but escapes by a trap-door into *Ramona's* room, which is next to his own; and then commences the main fun of the piece, which must be seen to be appreciated. *Ramona* leads him to suppose that she has the object of his jealousy, a life-guardsmen, in the next room,

dressing up *Brown's* own lay figure, which she has got holt of for the purpose, pushing *Vandyke* up into the chimney, through the roof, into his own room. Here a most amusing scene occurs between *Vandyke* and the lay figure. *Ramona*, at length comes and sets all right, *Vandyke* promising to be jealous no more. The curtain fell amidst much applause, wrung from the audience, as usual, by entreaties and winks, not to mention some absurd nonsense talked with some one in the pit, more suitable to proceed from Punch and Judy than from the lips of, when he chooses to be so, one of the purest actors of low comedy we have. We never go to the Adelphi without being disgusted by this impertinent nonsense which is always talked with the audience. It is true, more blame is due to the audience themselves for allowing, —far less applauding such absurd liberties as are taken with them,—than to the actors for resorting to these illegitimate means of procuring popularity.

**THE SURREY THEATRE.**—The last novelty at this amusing and well-conducted place of entertainment is "A Comic Ballet," called *La Statue Blanche*, which has been performed to crowded houses since the beginning of last week, when it came out. It is popular, of course, for it has a clown in it, who is the origin of numberless confusions, falls, and breakages. But it is deservedly popular from the performance of the scene which gives the title to the piece. *Adolphe* (HERR R. DUELIN), in order to gain possession of a farmer's daughter, the farmer, if not naturally, at least theatrically, being averse to the match, has the idea suggested to him by a friend, of enacting the part of an antique automaton statue. *La Statue Blanche*, this supposed statue, is sold to the farmer, in order that *Adolphe* may have the sum of money necessary for gaining the father of his *Marie*. As a proof of the wonderful powers of this same statue, occurs the scene of which we speak. *Adolphe's* friend, the supposed possessor of the statue, begins to wind it up, and as he does so, it gives a jerk at each turn of the key, till it settles in a new position; the accuracy with which the figure moves at each click of the spring, and the effect of the whole, is quite startling. The said statue having gone off with his mistress, the clown (HERR R. DUELIN), takes his place on the pedestal. Here the old farmer finds him when he comes to look at his adored statue; he, however, does not observe the change, but begins to wind round the key; and here again occurs a scene as wonderful and amusing as the last was wonderful and graceful. The clown springs from one position to another in exact time as the handle turns, but the grotesque postures into which he falls, as compared with the graceful and classical attitudes of the former figure, are irresistibly droll. Both of these would-be statues are the most clever pieces of performance of the kind we have ever witnessed. This "Comic Ballet" also boasts of some very tolerable dancing, between HERR R. DUELIN and Mmslle. THEODORE. The Surrey audience have their negro singers as well as the more select one of St. James's, under the title of *Virginian Harmonists*; and excessively clever and amusing they are. They sing the favourite song of the Ethiopian serenaders, *Lucy Neale*, with a great deal of taste and feeling. One of them also dances burlesque remarkably skilfully. We must now take leave of this favourite and well frequented theatre, in saying that each season the entertainments afforded at it are of a higher and more amusing order.

THE COLOSSEUM continues to be thronged.

THE PANORAMA of Constantinople has proved the most attractive that has been produced for many years. It is, indeed, very beautiful.

THE DIORAMA is, we understand, about to make a change of subjects. Those, therefore who have not seen the wonderful pictures of Heidelberg, and the Notre Dame at Paris, now exhibiting, should go without delay.

THE ADELAIDE GALLERY is varying its attractions almost every week.

THE ETHIOPIAN SINGERS, at St. James's Theatre, are well worth a visit. Their harmonies are wonderful, and their performance is perfectly unique.

M. PHILLIPS has introduced a new series of magical delusions at the Strand Theatre, and he continues to pelt his visitors with *bon-bons* and bouquets, to their infinite delight.

THE HALL OF ROME is collecting crowds by its clever *Tableaux Vivans*, which can only be appreciated by inspection.

GENERAL TOM THUMB holds morning and evening levees, which are attended by multitudes of admirers.

THE NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION is the most instructive of the exhibitions of the present season. It conveys the most accurate conceptions of the natives, their costumes and customs, and should be visited by all who desire to convey practical information to their children.

The Duke of Cambridge presided at the twenty-ninth anniversary of the Drury-Lane Theatrical Fund, celebrated on Monday-week. The collection amounted to 1,700l. which included a donation of 1,000l. from Mrs. Yarnold, the descendant of Yates, the original impersonator of *Sir Oliver Surface*.

**THE DRAMA IN THE PROVINCES.**—We learn that a young actor, in the person of a Mr. Shelley, has recently made his debut on the Ipswich boards, and that he is likely to prove a "star" in the dramatic firmament. The *Ipswich Journal* speaks in high terms of his performances. It says, "Mr. Shelley has established himself as an actor of undoubted excellence, qualified in every point to uphold the high reputation of the national and legitimate drama. On Wednesday he undertook the character of *Hamlet*, which he sustained in a style of almost surpassing excellence. The performance was distinguished throughout by elegance and originality, and by those other indications of genius which give full promise of a great actor, in all respects worthy of the Shaksperian school."

#### PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

**BRITISH MUSEUM**, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**NATIONAL GALLERY**, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**THEATRES**.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

**PANORAMA**, Leicester-square. Every day.

**DIORAMA**, Regent's-park. Every day.

**COSMORAMA**, Regent-street. Every day.

**THE TOWER**. Daily, from 10 to 4.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK**, Baker-street.

**CHINESE EXHIBITION**, Hyde-park-corner.

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION**, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

**ADELAIDE GALLERY**, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

**THE COLOSSEUM**, Regent's-park. Day and night.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

**SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS**, Kennington. Daily.

**MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS** now open are—M. Philippe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

#### NECROLOGY.

##### PROFESSOR MEIKLEHAM.

**WILLIAM MEIKLEHAM**, Esq. LL.D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University, died on Monday, at his house in the college, here. His removal strikes off the last link, except one or two, of those which remained to connect the present professors with the distinguished men—Millar, Jardine, Wilson, Young, Richardson, and others, who, about the close of the last, and the commencement of the present century, shed lustre on the University, and conferred signal benefits on education. Of these men, Dr. Meikleham was first the pupil, and afterwards the colleague; and by all of them he was held in high esteem as a man and a scholar. When a very young man, he was employed to teach the Natural Philosophy class during the illness of Professor Anderson, and his successor, Doctor Brown. His success in the discharge of his duty, combined with the character which he had previously formed, caused him to be appointed Rector of the Academy of Arts; and that seminary prospered greatly during his incumbency. In 1799 he was appointed Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University; and in 1803 he was promoted to the chair which has now become vacant by his death. In discharging the duties of this important office, he was always most faithful, zealous, and assiduous. Despising everything like display, he was, perhaps, more retiring than might have been advisable; and he was, in consequence, less known to the scientific world, and to the public in general, than many who were far below him in scholarship and talents. Among his friends, and such of his students as were capable of appreciating his merits, he was justly regarded as a man of extensive scientific attainments, an accomplished general scholar, and a man of acute mind and sound judgment.—*Glasgow Herald*.

#### JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

##### IMPROVEMENT IN PRINTING-MACHINES.

We have been much pleased by an inspection of an ingenious Index which has lately been applied to the monster machine manufactured by the celebrated engineers, Messrs. DAYDEN, for the extensive establishment of Messrs. Cox, Brothers, in Great Queen-street. It is the invention of Mr. STRONG, Superintendent of the machine department, and its purpose is to enable the machine-man to ascertain from, time to time, exactly the number of sheets which are printed—until this invention was made, a desideratum of an urgent and often embarrassing nature, as every one acquainted with the business must have frequently experienced. This object it fulfils with unerring certainty, and, looking at the simplicity of the apparatus, we can but wonder that the principle was not perceived, and adapted to this purpose, before.

Up to the period of this invention, machine printers held much the same position as our forefathers, prior to the invention of watches. The latter could guess the time of day within an hour or so by the sun, and printers could only estimate the number of copies worked off by the time the machinery had been in motion, allowances being made for stoppages and for variations of speed. All was uncertainty from the commencement to the close of the work, unless some one were employed to count as the impressions came off, which of course must add to the expense. Sometimes, too, the warehouseman, by mistake, may give out too much paper, in which case, without a register such as this, the whole will be printed, and the error only discovered when the mischief is done. An accident of such a kind, in printing this journal it was that induced Mr. STRONG to apply himself to the discovery of a means which should prevent the recurrence of the evil, and supply to printers what so long had been desiderated. After many experiments and failures, he at last succeeded to his most sanguine expectation, and has now completed an index that will register from 1 to 100,000 sheets without the possibility of a mistake. The Index is worked by an eccentric attached to one of the drums, and stands in the centre of the machine, out of the way, in a place that seems, as it were, expressly left for it. Mr. STRONG deserves the warmest thanks of the trade, for the industry and ingenuity he has exercised in perfecting this clever invention; and as its use is so obvious, and the want of it has been so constantly experienced, we have no doubt the Index will be adopted in every office where there is machinery, for its cost is comparatively trifling.

##### HALLETTE'S ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

In spite of the neglect of the French government, this beautiful and ingenious invention has found an enterprising number of Englishmen to take it up. It is now placed before the public, and may be seen in action at Peckham. The engineers who have been present at the various trials have been unanimous in their admiration of the simplicity of the contrivances and their perfect adaptation to the ends required. The difficulties attendant upon obtaining a vacuum have been overcome, and the obstacles which prevented the more general adoption of the atmospheric system are shewn to be visionary. The line laid down is about four hundred feet in length; a third of this is on a level; the rest of the line has a gradient of one in eighty. The marked difference between this and other proposed systems is in the closing of the valve by two continuous lips; these are formed of vulcanized caoutchouc, are inflated with air, covered with a coating of a hempen material, and close by their immediate pressure the whole length of the tube.

This appears the most perfect means yet suggested for preserving the tube for the piston in a state of exhaustion. The economy of this plan, over all others, is one of its most striking advantages; whilst the total absence of danger from collision, the avoiding all the nuisances which beset the locomotive system, are circumstances of too great importance to be overlooked. Probably Hallette's invention will become, at no distant day, the means by which locomotion on railways will be carried on. Those who have read the evidence delivered before the Committee of the House of Commons on atmos-



pheric railways, will feel satisfied that the principles laid down by Brunel, by William Cubitt, and by Vignoles, are those upon which engineers may place their firm reliance.

**ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.**—At a meeting of the fellows of this society, which took place at the gardens on Saturday last, David Jardine, Esq., in the chair, a ballot was held, and the following ladies and gentlemen were added to the society:—The Countess of Sefton; the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville; Sir Richard Vyvyan, Bart.; Sir Thomas Hare, Bart.; Henry Preston, Esq., of Moreby Hall; George Miller, Esq.; Richard Newman, Esq.; Robert Prance, Esq.; C. G. Webber, Esq.; Mrs. Atkinson; T. H. Crosse, Esq.; E. Mackeson, Esq.; John Goldie, Esq.; Mrs. F. Ricardo; Mrs. S. Bircham; Henry Lang, Esq.; Miss Griffith; Dr. Britten, Esq.; Mrs. Mowatt; Mrs. Andrews. Other ladies and gentlemen were proposed, whose election will take place at the next meeting.

**ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.**—At a moment when many persons are crying down the electric telegraph, we are glad to present to the public some particulars which M. Breguet has just laid before the *Académie*. Economical motives tended to substitute iron wire instead of the brass wire used as yet, but it was predicted that for a direct communication from Paris to Rouen would require no less than a Bunsen pile of eighty plates. Nevertheless, the experiment was made, and M. Breguet has stated that six plates were sufficient. Returning to the brass wires, it has been proved that the despatches could be transmitted by a single plate. It was, therefore, evident that the electric telegraph was applicable to lines of much greater extent. From Paris to Lille, for example, the distance is one hundred leagues; to ascertain if correspondence could be carried on at so great a distance, without an intermediate station, the wire was tripled to thrice the distance from Paris to Rouen, and the result was crowned with success. An electrical telegraph is being established between Antwerp and Brussels. It is stated to be on so improved a system, that a despatch of fifty words may be received in three seconds. We do not believe that this is possible, however excellent the system may be.

**A DAGUERREOTYPED ECLIPSE.**—During the solar eclipse of Saturday last, Mr. Cherry, the daguerreotype artist, planted his apparatus, by way of experiment, before the partially obscured luminary, when a rather singular phenomenon presented itself as the result. Two suns, each undergoing an eclipse, were produced at the same time, by the mystic lens on the metallic plate, with this remarkable difference, however, between the two, that the one showed an opaque, the other a luminous surface; the former being encircled by silvery clouds, the latter standing out like a radiant speck on the ethereal vault. What may be the explanation of this beautiful prodigy, the joint production of art and nature, we are unable to conjecture.—*Belfast Banner*.

## JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—After the interesting notices which have been given in your recent numbers of the researches of the Baron Reichenbach, and their bearing on the mesmeric phenomena, I think you might be not unwilling to receive a few notes of the experiments which I have had the opportunity of trying with some crystals which I had at hand, whilst ministering to the health of a friend. Now that attention is drawn to the subject, there will be numerous mesmeric confirmations of the baron's experience with his sensitive patient, but, as an early contribution to the subject in this country, I hope this communication will be acceptable to your readers, if you should be willing to find room for it.

I am, Sir, your's &c. F.

### EXPERIMENTS WITH CRYSTALS.

The lady whose susceptibility to the action of crystals whilst in mesmeric sleep is noted below, is about twenty-eight years of age, has been in delicate health for two or three years past, and has received more strength and benefit from mesmerism alone this year, than last year from medical attendance, which she frequently required till mesmerism was resorted to. This was con-

tinued daily for some months by a young lady of seventeen, producing only a soothing effect and better natural sleep, but without mesmeric sleep till about a week previous to a more powerful mesmeriser being tried. On his first trial, clairvoyance appeared, and after a few times, on the trial of crystals, the effects which were produced will appear in the subjoined extracts from notes made after each seance.

April 9, 1846.—6th time. A quartz crystal (the apex of a crystal, about one inch and a quarter in diameter, embedded in some imperfect smaller crystals), the point down, was passed slowly from the wrist to the finger's point; it raised the hand and distended the fingers with three or four passes. The arm resting on the lap, five passes with the points from the elbow to the hand brought the lower arm to the level of the elbow, gradually following the crystal. A square crystal of fluor (about one inch square, with parts of two others grouped together) produced an effect similar but not so powerful. A piece of deal (about one inch square by four inches long) produced a slight effect on the hand, raising it a little, and slower. The fingers alone did about as much as the wood, this probably transmitting, but not adding to, their influence any of its own, like that of the acuminated crystal. A crystal was put in the hand, it was spasmodically contracted, which breathing on the part removed. There was a subsequent consciousness of an irresistible impulse to raise the arm and move the fingers, without being at all aware of the cause. None of the sensations were unpleasant.

April 13.—7th time. Crystals raised the arm as before. A smaller rock crystal (half an inch in diameter and two inches long) in the palm was convulsively grasped, and the arm was gradually raised, and became rigid, and remained horizontal till reduced by blowing. The left arm was not so susceptible as the right. A bi-lateral crystal of selenite (four inches by one inch and a half, and nearly half an inch thick) held before her, was seen surrounded with "a soft and dimmish light, but the summit very bright and radiated, yellowish and red." It was soon felt too intense, "it made the eyes water, and she could not bear it." The same occurred again after an interval, when "the flame was from one to two inches above the crystal." An amethyst crystal raised the finger. Gold, a two-sovereign piece, applied in the same way, produced no effect. A small crystal of sulph. barytes (less than one inch by half an inch, and one-eighth inch thick) put on the hand was "very heavy"—the double sovereign was painful and thrown off the hand; in the hand it was "very unpleasant;" in my right hand, and the left in contact, "there was something very cold, round, unpleasant—was it gold?" On a single dart of the hand to the eyes, it was "brilliant sparks," so intense she "could hardly bear it, the colour not like the other, more like electricity." I held up the fingers extended before her, and asked did she see any thing? "Yes; five points of light, steady and milder than that just before." Any thing else? Yes. Now she saw the wrist below, and afterwards the hand and fingers, and the lights from them, but "did not see either of these till asked about it." No shutters closed when the lights of the crystals, &c. were seen, and only the white blind drawn down. No subsequent recollection.

April 17.—8th time.—Sympathy of taste, smell, and hearing, experienced through four persons. A large double crystal of quartz, not translucent, and partly coated with pyrites, &c. (each crystal about five inches by one and a half diameter), held at three feet distance, gave a light too brilliant to be borne. When six feet off it was "pleasant and very beautiful; lights, yellow and white, rising two inches above the crystal; flickering—a glow of light all over." Asked if she would take some mesmerized water, she did not want it now. Water in two tumblers: the large crystal was held, the point down, within half an inch of the water in one of the glasses about one minute, both being handed on a waiter (the eyes being always closed). The crystalized one was taken eagerly, and though told, she would not take the other; it was half drunk: "it was very good, very comfortable, warm, but it was not mesmerized water, or if it was, it was differently prepared; it was warm, like peppermint, but no flavour." She asked for more, and finished the glass, relishing it, and smacking the lips. "Still, she should like some more." I held the crystal of fluor over the other glass; it was taken and tasted, but "this was not like the other, it was more like water that was lukewarm. Not cold, though." But only a few sips taken.

April 20.—9th time.—The crystal of gypsum could not be borne, from the intensity of its light, within six feet. There the colours were "beautiful, varied, white, yellow, green, and blue." It was soon too powerful there. On putting the hand before it, the crystal was not seen, but only "the strong light all round." It was then removed three or four feet further, and rested against a book on the table, where the light was soon found so strong and so diffused, although an unchased window was behind it, that it was removed, from the over-excitement it occasioned. Long passes made previously with the quartz crystal. Only two or three close passes could be borne: at six to nine inches it was



still felt "heavy," at the distance of two feet the difference was perceived, and the passes of the hand alone preferred. Her baby was seen by the fire in the kitchen, and the door open, and fear expressed that his cold would be increased, &c. Awakened, and eyes opened, by the will alone.

### Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

31. JAMES CASIDAY, of his NEXT OF KIN.
32. JAMES SMITH, or JAMES NASH, supposed to be one individual, born about the year 1783; in the year 1788 he was supposed to have been under the care of Mr. Thomas Jarvis, of Longford, Middlesex, auctioneer, and to have gone abroad, either to the East or West Indies in or about the year 1800. The said J. Smith, or J. Nash, is a legatee under the will of HARRIETT LADBROKE THOMAS, one of the daughters of John Hubbard, of Upton-cum-Chavey, in the county of Bucks, Esq. and was married to CHARLES WILKINSON, Esq. and, after his decease, to the Rev. WILLIAM THOMAS, of Fobbing, county of Essex, clerk, but she resided for many years previous to her decease, on 24th Sept. 1834, at 13, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square.
33. NEXT OF KIN of MARY BRIGHT, late of city of Oxford, spinster, died 12th Sept. 1834.
34. HEIR or HEIRESS AT LAW of GEORGE EATON, formerly of Shaftesbury-terrace, Piccadilly, afterwards of Howick-place, Vauxhall-road, Middlesex, gent. died 11th April, 1828.
35. GEORGE WOOD, of Chepstown, near Bristol, gardener; ROBERT WOOD, merchant, Newcastle-on-Tyne; GEORGE WOOD, of Rothbury; DOROTHY WOOD, of the same place; ELIZA FOWLER, of Gloucestershire; JOHN WOOD, of Johnstown Nans, or their representatives. *Something to their advantage.*
36. HEIRS AT LAW of the Rt. Hon. WILLIAM HENRY, Earl of ROCHFORD, died 3rd Sept. 1830.
37. JOHN WELLS, late of the city of Worcester, hair weaver, or his personal representatives; legatee under the will of WILLIAM HASLEWOOD, who resided at Bridgnorth, Salop, gentleman, died Oct. 1822, having bequeathed 200l. to the said John Wells, who afterwards lived in New-court, Portpool-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, Middlesex, and died there in June 1817.
38. J. JACOB FRIEDRICH HABERMAYER, son of Jacob Friedrich Habermayer, of Stralsund, goldsmith; left it in 1782, and went to sea in 1799, and has not been heard of since 1803, when he was seen in Philadelphia. And also HEINRICH LARS VOGELSANG, natural son of Major Cars von Vogelsang, born at Stralsund in 1793, went to sea in 1814, and has not since been heard of—or their HEIRS.
39. NEXT OF KIN of MOSES SHIFF, late of Alic-street, Goodman's-fields, parish of St. Mary, Whitechapel, gentleman (died Aug. 1819), or NEXT OF KIN of his WIDOW (who died June, 1831), or their representatives.
40. NEXT OF KIN of CHARLES LUDER AUBERY, a lunatic (died Oct. 1836), resided formerly at Wootton-under-Edge, and subsequently at Clapham, Surrey, where he died. His father was a merchant of the City of London, and resided in Bush-lane, in the said city, about the year 1796—or their representatives.
41. DEED MISSING, dated 17th February, 1821, executed by the late SAMUEL HOLMES, Esq. of Richmond-place, Dublin.
42. ELIZA ORMAN, lived at 15, Hamilton-place, near King's Cross, in the summer of 1834, and left it for North-place in Feb. 1835, and has since gone by the name of ELIZA COZENS. *Something to advantage.*
43. WESTON WRIGHT, or his representative. In the years 1808 and 1809 he was residing at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, and from which place he sailed as chief mate of a brig, and afterwards went to and was residing in the year 1813 in Buenos Ayres in South America, named residuary legatee in the will of THOMAS WESTON, Esq. of Clayhill, Enfield, Middlesex, who died 21st of Nov. 1816.
44. CHARLES JONES, or his representatives, described as then or late a midshipman on board H.M.S. *The Inconstant*, and subsequently midshipman on board H.M.S. *The Shark*, and in the month of January, 1813, was discharged from the same ship at Port Royal, a legatee named in the will of

THOMAS WESTON, Esq. of Clayhill, Enfield, Middlesex, who died 21st of Nov. 1816.

45. HORATIO MANNING SPOONER, eldest son of the Rev. Robert Denny Rix Spooner, Vicar of Worlaby, in the County of Lincoln, left his father about five years ago, and has not since been heard of. *Something to his advantage.*
46. RICHARD PONEY, alias POWNEY, ANN PONEY, and MARY SAYERS, legatees in the will of ELIZABETH PONEY, spinster, died 2nd Nov. 1836. *Something to their advantage.*
47. The THREE NIECES, DAUGHTERS of ROBERT OGLE, testatrix's brother, then residing in Ireland, and the nieces of the testatrix, GRACE EDWARDS, late of Pratt-place, Camden-town, Middlesex, widow, died Nov. 1813, or their representatives.
48. LEGATEES of ROBERT OWEN OWENS, late of Carnarvon, shopkeeper, died April, 1828.

### BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

#### NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A stamped copy of THE CRITIC sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

#### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The following interesting particulars respecting the progress of this institution are abstracted from a recent return made to Parliament:—

*Income and Expenditure.*—The receipts in the year ending Christmas 1845, amounted to 46,968l. 8s. 10d. including 41,721l. 2s. 6d. on account of the parliamentary grants of the two last years. The estimated expenditure for the year was—for salaries, 18,799l.; for house expenses, 1,968l.; for purchases and acquisitions, 12,951l.; for book-binding, cabinets, &c. 6,259l.; for printing catalogues and making casts, &c. 3,766l.; for miscellaneous expenses, 146l.; and for redemption of land-tax on property recently acquired, 2,777l.—total, 46,669l. The actual expenditure was 43,821l.; leaving a balance in hand of 3,147l. The estimated expenditure of the current year is 47,850l.; and the sum proposed to be voted by Parliament, 45,406l. The special parliamentary grants made during the year, together with a balance remaining from those of 1844, have been chiefly applied as follows:—1,095l. in the purchase of books from the libraries of the Duke of Sussex, Mr. Bright, and Robert Southey, esq.; 1,387l. in conveying the Xanthian marbles to England; 1,000l. in the purchase from M. de Falconnet of a collection of fossils from Buenos Ayres; 2,830l. paid for a collection of the early German masters; 4,875l. for the purchase of a collection of the works of the early Italian designers and engravers; and 330l. paid on account of classifying and preparing fossils from the Sub-Himalayan Mountains.—Total, 11,518l.

*Visitors.*—The number of persons admitted to view the general collections exhibits a steady increase, having been, during each of the last three years, as under:—

1843	517,440
1844	575,758
1845	685,614

Number of visits made to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study or research, about 1,950 in 1810; 4,300 in 1815; 8,820 in 1820; 22,800 in 1825; 31,200 in 1830; 63,466 in 1835; 67,542 in 1840; 69,303 in 1841; 71,706 in 1842; 70,931 in 1843; 67,511 in 1844; 64,427 in 1845.

Number of visits, by artists and students, to the galleries of sculpture, for the purpose of study, about 4,938 in 1831; 6,081 in 1835; 6,354 in 1840; 5,655 in 1841; 5,627 in 1842; 4,907 in 1843; 5,436 in 1844; 4,256 in 1845.

Number of visits made to the print-room, about 4,400 in 1832; 1,065 in 1835; 6,717 in 1840; 7,744 in 1841; 8,781 in 1842; 8,162 in 1843; 8,998 in 1844; 5,904 in 1845.

The increasing facility of communication with the metropolis by railway may be expected at least to maintain this advance.

**Progress in arranging, &c. and additions to collections.**—

In the manuscript department 318 MSS. and 120 original charters and rolls have been added to the general collection; besides 69 MSS. added to the Egerton collection. Among the MS. additions specified as most deserving of notice are,—The Anglo-Saxon Cartulary of St. Swithin's, Winchester, written in the twelfth century, and containing upwards of 200 documents, anterior to the period of the Norman conquest; and the extensive series of transcripts relating to Great Britain, made from the Papal Registers, extending from Honorius III. (1216) to Clement XIII. (1750), forming, with the indexes, 50 volumes folio, obtained in 1825 by W. R. Hamilton, esq. British Minister at Naples; and now transferred from the State Paper Office by order of Sir James Graham, as Secretary of State for the Home Department.

In the department of printed books, the formation of the new general catalogue is rapidly proceeding; but as the keeper states that correctness and completeness cannot be attained unless the entire manuscript is furnished before the printing is commenced, the trustees have, for the present, suspended the printing. The additions, including parts of volumes, newspapers, maps, and charts, and music, form a total of 23,831 articles: among which there are 12,107 complete works, 881 of which have been presented, 7,630 purchased, and 3,596 received by copyright. Among the most remarkable objects purchased are the following:—

The Bull of Indulgence granted by the authority of Pope Nicholas V. to those who should contribute in aid of the King of Cyprus against the Turks; a document which bears the date of 1455, two years anterior to 1457, the year of the earliest dated printed book. This copy of the Bull is the only one known of this edition.

Columbus's Letter to Ferdinand and Isabella, announcing the discovery of America, supposed to be printed at Rome in 1493. This copy is of the edition held by some writers to be the second, and by others the first.

The collection of English Ballads, in three volumes folio, formerly belonging to Lord Oxford, and afterwards to the Duke of Roxburghe, comprising nearly 1,200 articles, and forming probably, when united with those previously in the Museum, the completest collection in existence.

The first edition of Shakspeare's *Lucrece*, and of his *Sonnets*; also some interesting early editions of his *Venus* and *Adonis*.

Numerous valuable additions have also been made in Mineralogical, Zoological, and Botanical branches of the department of Natural History.

The acquisitions in the department of Antiquities have been—

Casts of various Sculptures lately discovered in the Acropolis of Athens.

Casts of a head, probably of Victory, from the pediment of the Parthenon, presented by Count de la Borde.

2,491 Coins.—74 gold, 1,010 silver, and 1,407 brass, amongst which are—

59 Sassanian, presented by the Honourable East India Company

1,160 purchased from the Baron de Bode, forming a very curious collection of coins of the Asiatic descendants of Greek princes.

213 Oriental coins.

269 extremely interesting Autonomous and Roman Imperial Greek coins, collected chiefly in Asia Minor.

103 Tetradrachms of Ptolemy Soter.

24 Decadrachms, of Arsinoe, wife of Philadelphus, remarkable for their preservation, and the series of dates and monograms by which they are severally distinguished.

Nearly 200 coins of Great Britain and Ireland, of various reigns.

A fine Etruscan Vase, purchased from the collection of the late Mr. Beckford.

A small Silver Statue, discovered with the coins of Ptolemy and Arsinoe.

A small collection of Sculptures, amongst which is a sepul-

chral Tablet, inscribed to the Tarentine *Æsculapius*, presented by W. R. Hamilton, esq.

In the department of prints and drawings, the most important acquisitions are—

A curious collection of the prints of the earlier German engravers, amounting to 1,755 in number; amongst them will be found no fewer than 164 specimens by the masters of 1466, and the artists of that period.

An uncommonly fine collection of early Italian art, embracing the most extensive collection of the workers in Nielli known. It consists of 103 specimens in silver, 15 impressions in sulphur, and 63 impressions on paper. These are followed by 600 specimens by the engravers who flourished prior to the time of Marc Antonio, Baccio Bandinelli, Sandro Botticelli, Antonio Pollajuolo, Marcello Fogolino, Andrea Mantegna, &c. &c.

A fine collection of the engravings of Wille.

Considerable additions have been made to the collection of Dutch and Flemish etchings.

In the English school, rare prints by Elstrache, Faithorne, and Hollar, and also some curious states of the engravings of Strange, Woollett, and Sharpe.

A few drawings by Van Dyck, Swanevelt, and Edridge.

Some valuable presentations have also been made; amongst others—

A quarto volume, containing 63 engravings by Adam Ghisi, from the Prophets and Sybils of Michael Angelo; presented by the Rev. C. A. Belli.

Two folio volumes of drawings, by Lady Calcott; presented by Sir Augustus Calcott, R.A.

Seven proofs and etchings of engravings, executed at the expense of the Art Union of London; presented by the committee of the Art Union.

The Judgment of Solomon, engraved after Raffaele, by Anderloni; presented by the Marquis of Northampton.

**LITERARY FUND DINNER.**—The fifty-seventh anniversary dinner of this valuable institution took place on Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, when about 150 sat down to dinner, including a large assemblage of some of the highest names in letters; amongst whom were the Chevalier Bunsen, Mr. Hallam, Rev. Dr. Major, Dr. Forbes, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Llandaff, Mr. Walter, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Archdeacon Manning, Sir H. Ellis, Sir H. Inglis, M.P., Mr. Longman, R. Bell, Esq., Dr. Forbes Winslow, and Dr. Combe. The Bishop of Lincoln most ably performed the duties of chairman. After the usual loyal and popular toasts had been duly honoured, the following were proposed and responded to:—"Prosperity to the Literary Fund;" "The Lord Bishop of Lincoln, our chairman;" "The Marquess of Lansdowne, our president;" "Chevalier Bunsen, and the Foreign Ministers who have honoured us with their presence;" "Mr. Hallam and the Historians;" "The Dean of Westminster and the Writers on Science;" "Mr. Robert Browning and the Dramatists;" "Sir Robert Inglis and the Vice-Presidents;" "The Dean of Chichester and the Stewards;" "The Ladies." The subscriptions amounted to about 800*l.*, including the following donations:—The Queen (her usual annual donation), 100 guineas; the Duke of Somerset, 10 guineas; Earl of Ellenborough, 10 guineas; Lord F. Egerton, 10 guineas; Lord Metcalfe, 10 guineas; the Stationers' Company, 10 guineas; the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, 10 guineas; the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, 10 guineas; Dr. Forbes Winslow, 10 guineas; Joseph Baxendale, Esq., 50 guineas; the Proprietors of the *Times* Newspaper, 100*l.*; Baron Branow, 10 guineas; the Chevalier Bunsen, 5 guineas (annually); the Bishop of Lincoln (second donation), 21 guineas; the Bishop of London (second donation), 21 guineas. The entertainment provided was of a most excellent character, doing justice to the old repute of this establishment. Appropriate songs and glees were given in the course of the evening by Messrs. Hobbs, Hatton, and others; and Mr. O'Toole, jun. officiated as toast-master in an efficient and judicious manner.

**CAMDEN SOCIETY.**—The Report of the Council on the 2nd inst. (the anniversary), states that the investments standing in the name of the trustees have during the past year been increased from 779*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* to 831*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* Three per

Cent. Consols. The publications of the past year have been:—

"Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, knt. &c. Edited by Lord Braybrooke.

"Inedited Letters of the Duke of Perth, from the Originals, in the possession of Lady Willoughby de Eresby. Edited by Mr. W. Jerdan; and

"A Chronicle of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London. Edited by Mr. T. Stapleton."

But the latter work was now only just ready for delivery. Acknowledgments were voted to

"Lord Langdale, Sir F. Palgrave, and the Court of Aldermen of the City of London; and to T. W. Bramston, esq. for the loan of the original MS. of Sir John Bramston's Autobiography; and to the Lady Willoughby de Eresby, for the use of the Letters of the Duke of Perth.

"The fact that the two last-mentioned volumes, like many of the preceding Camden publications, have been derived from materials in the possession of private individuals, consequently from sources inaccessible to the general reader, furnishes a very striking proof of the advantages which the establishment of the Camden Society is destined to secure for future inquirers into the history of this country."—*Report*.

The fourth publication for the past year will be the "Diary of a Citizen of Calais," edited by Mr. J. G. Nichols; and the first volume for the next, a further portion of the translation of Polydore Vergil's "History of England," which will very shortly be ready for delivery.

The following are added to the list of promised publications:—

"A Selection from the Wills preserved in the Will-office at Bury St. Edmunds." To be edited by Mr. S. Tymms.

"The Ancient English and French Romances of Havelok the Dane." To be edited by Sir F. Madden; and

"The Autobiography of Ann Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, and other Records preserved in Skipton Castle." To be edited by Mr. E. Hailstone.

The report, it will be seen, is rather meagre, and does not say much for the life and activity of the Camden Society. It is now nearly a year since a work has been issued from this lethargic condition; and, with few exceptions, the earlier volumes are decreasing in their marketable value, an inevitable result of the printing of so large a number as 1,250 copies. This is merely to be regretted in case the society's list of members should be affected by it; but it is certain that there can be no surer way of ruining the institution than the occurrence of such delays in its publications as we have noticed. Where there are of necessity postponements to allow time for editorial labours and useful annotations, means ought to be taken to keep up the supply by texts which do not require so much pains in illustrating. Two works per annum are dear at the subscription.

**SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS, AND CRABBE'S MANUSCRIPT POEMS.**—On Monday a sale by auction of a collection of autograph letters and miscellaneous manuscripts of royal, noble, and illustrious personages, statesmen, &c. together with a collection of published and unpublished manuscripts of George Crabbe, the poet, took place at Mr. Fletcher's auction rooms in Piccadilly. There were upwards of 200 lots for disposal, consisting of autographs and letters of George I. George II. George III. William IV. the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel, Dr. Johnson, General Wolfe, Pope, Addison, Fielding, Lord Byron, Sir W. Scott, George Washington, &c. The sale was not well attended, and the lots realized but small sums; the following, however, are deserving of notice:—Lot 67, Debates of the House of Commons from 1768 to 1774 (the unreported Parliament), taken in short-hand by the Right Hon. Sir Henry Cavendish, in manuscript and proof sheet, sold for 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* The next lot, a Letter from Dr. Johnson to his Mother, dated Jan. 26, 1759, in which he calls her "the best woman in the world," sold for 10*s.* Lot 72, a characteristic letter of the Duke of Wellington, dated June 8, 1837, in which he says, that "he is in the habit of appointing to be warders of the Tower, those non-commissioned officers and soldiers who have served his Majesty, and not young gentlemen who have been disappointed in their expectations of obtaining commissions," sold for 16*s.* A letter of General Wolfe, dated Bath, Dec. 24, 1758, sold for 19*s.*; and a letter of T. Moore, addressed to Mr. Murray, and relating to George Crabbe, sold for 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Various unpublished works in prose and poetry by Crabbe, many of the pieces being equal to any of his works that have as yet appeared, sold for 15*l.* Four memorandum books belonging to Crabbe, containing curious entries, religious opinions, &c. sold for 3*l.* The original manuscript of "Tales of the Hall," considered his best work, sold for 1*l.* 6*s.* whilst the next lot, a Volume of Newspaper Cuttings, consisting of reviews of Crabbe's works extracted from the London and provincial press, sold for 1*l.* 7*s.* The other lots relating to Crabbe, sold at equally low prices. In addition to the above there were autograph letters (a large number) of eminent artists, actors, singers, musicians, painters, &c. disposed of.

## REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From May 9 to May 16.

### NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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impress was her nicety respecting two "mattresses" (*matelas*). The Italians have similar jokes about Englishmen declining to have any more at dinner, because they have eaten "ships" (the term for which, *bastimento*, they mistake for *abastanza*, enough); upon which another declines, too, on the ground that he had eaten the "anchor" (pronouncing *ancora* instead of *ancora*, also). I remember an English lady in Italy, who became accomplished in the language, but at the outset of her studies it was said of her that she one day begged a coachman not to drive so fast, by the title of "spoon."—"Spoon, spoon, pray not so fast;" using the word *cucchio* instead of *cochiere*. The effect of this kind of mistake being in proportion to the gravity of the intention, and the authenticity of the fact, I know of none better than that of an honest German now living, who being disgusted at some trait of worldliness which he heard related, and wishing to say that rather than be guilty of such meanness he would quit society for a hermitage, and eat the fruit of the oak-tree, said with great animation, "Oh, I shall go into de vilderness, and live upon *unicorns*."—*Atlas*.

**A MODERN NEWTON.**—A debating society out in Michigan had lately submitted for discussion the subject—"Does the world go round, or does it not?" The chairman remarked, that he did not propose it because there was any doubt on the subject, but to "fetch out" the orators. After the first speaker had occupied about ten minutes in the discussion, he sat down, and was succeeded by one of the "lights" of the town, who delivered himself thus:—"If the world was round, it wouldn't be regular and even as it is. After you'd travelled a little ways, you'd begin to slide, and slide, and bimebye you'd tumble off at the edge if you didn't ketch a hold on something to hold on by. And then they talk of sailing round the world! Why, if the world was round, and went round as they say it did, the captiv'd'd have nothing to do but tie his ship to a tree, and it'd go round of itself! My opponent has asked, 'If the world does not go round, how does the sun git round to the right place again?' I answer, for a very plain reason, *it's so dark you can't see it*."—"Time!" said the chairman, and the young man sat down; and it was several minutes before he recovered from the sudden shock his imagination had experienced—like some of the orators in Congress, who, at the expiration of the hour, are frequently lost in the obfuscation of their own ideas.

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